Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams,

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, ... 3.00.
Two cepies, one year, ... 5.00.

No. 332.



The lion pursued him for some hundred yards, when Bullard, who had been coiling his lasso meanwhile, came down like a shot across his track, whirling the noose round his head.

THE SWORD HUNTERS;

The Land of the Elephant Riders.

A SEQUEL TO "LANCE AND LASSO."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

Author of "Red Rajah," "Irish Captain," "Lance and Lasso," etc.

CHAPTER 1. THREE OLD FRIENDS.

THREE OLD FRIENDS.

A DARK, dirty sky, with a raw, chilly wind blowing, and a short, chopping sea underfoot, through which the snorting steamer plunged and rolled, dashing the white spray in clouds as high as her mast-head. Such was the scene that met the eyes of a youth, with black eyes and hair, who stood on the diarter-deck of the steamer Imperatrice, of the Messageries Imperiales, bound from Marseilles to Algiers.

The young man had the general appearance of a Spaniard, and did not belie his looks, for he came of Spanish descent, but had been born and educated in America. He was wrapped up in a heavy cloak of thick, rough cloth, with a pointed hood which was drawn over the black astrachan cap which he wore.

He was alone on the quarter-deck of the steamer, and paced quickly up and down, humming an air rom a French oper, and watching the dim, mist, outline of the distant coast of Africa, far ahead.

The captain of the steamer, stood on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, wrapped up to the eyes, while a few French sailors stood here and there about the deck, shivering, with their hands in their pockets.

Presently a head appeared at the companion-

while a few French sailors stood here and there about the deck, shivering, with their hands in their pockets.

Presently a head appeared at the companion-hatch, as another youth, hardly more than a boy, came on deck, his slouched hat pulled down, and his collar turned up to his ears.

The new-comer was a well-grown, stout boy of sixteen, with a square bluff face, that looked the picture of reckless daring, while his broad, sturdy frame seemed to bid deflance to hardship.

"Hello, Wiseman," he called out in English, with a strong accent that told of the Western lad, "what air you moping about, up hyar? Pickle s as sick as a dog down stairs, and wants to be put ashore. He'll never make a sailor, I reckon."

"He won't need to be sick, long, Plug," said the young man, smiling. "There's Algiers ahead now. We'll be at anchor before night."

The lad with the queer name looked ahead through the driving spray a minute before he said:

"Glad of it. I like a ship well enough, but we've had so much of this old steamer that I'd just as soon get ashore again. And then there's old Pickles; I hate to see him looking so miserable. I wonder if it'll be as cold at Algiers, Wiseman?"

"The captain says no," replied Wiseman. "This cold wind is what he calls the mistral, and it blows three days only. When it's over, they get warm weather. See, yonder, where the clouds are breaking. We shall have fine weather before we get into Algiers, or I mistake much."

"Plug," as his companion often called him, looked knowingly at the clouds. There was a little spot of blue sky in the south, which was spreading rapidly over the heavens, and even while Wiseman was speaking, the wind began to abate and vary in direction.

A few minutes after it had ceased entirely, while the short chopping sea began to abate.

"Here comes the sirocco," remarked Wiseman, a little later, as a puff of warm air struck their faces, coming from the south. "Now we'll have warm weather, inside of half an hour."

And it turned out that he was right.

Long before they had sighted the white walls and houses of Algiers, the sky was bright and clear, the clouds driven away to the north, and a warm wind, that felt as if it came from the mouth of an oven, was blowing in their faces, while the motion of the vessel had diminished to a gentle swell.

On went the steamer Imperatrice at a rapid pace, her paddles beating the water into clouds of spray, and as the sky cleared and the sea abated, the passengers who had been so sea-sick began to come up on deck.

Among them was a tall, handsome, fair-haired boy

on deck.

Among them was a tall, handsome, fair-haired boy of seventeen, who was at once addressed by our two friends as "Pickles." and who looked quite pale, as if he had recently suffered from sea-sickness as badly as any, which he had indeed.

Doubtless those of our readers who have followed the fortunes of the heroes of "Lance and Lasso" must have recognized by this time the personages with the queer names whom we have introduced.

duced.

They were none other than our old friends Tom Bullard, Jack Curtis, and Manuel Garcia, with their old schoolboy nicknames of "Plug," "Pickles," and "Wiseman," on board the French steamer bound for Algiers, only a little older and a very little wiser than when they chased and were chased by the children of the Chaco.

"And how came they there?" our readers may ask.

dren of the Chaco.

"And how came they there?" our readers may ask.

Well, the story is soon told. You may read part of it in Manuel's dress now, for he has thrown off the heavy capote as the weather wages warmer, and one can see that he is in deep mourning.

It is true. Manuel is in mourning, and for the best friend he ever had or ever will have, none other than his father.

Don Luis Garcia has passed away, seized by a sudden fever, and he left to Manuel all the large fortune which he possessed.

"But why," you may ask, "is he in the French Algerian steamer, and what is he doing there?"

There, again, his father's influence has led him, active even in death.

Don Luis, in dying, left behind him a very singular will. After leaving his fortune to his son, and directing that Jack Curtis' father should act as executior and guardian for Manuel, he proceeded:

"And whereas I have all my life cherished an ardent desire to travel, and go where no civilized man has ever been before, which desire has been always thwarted by my inability to escape from business, I now wish my son Manuel to execute my desire in his own person, and to do that after my desire in his own person, and to do that after my desire in his own person, and to do that after my desire which I once hoped to do with him. I wish him, during the years that elapse before he

becomes of age, to follow out my design, and to travel, not on the continent of Europe, in the beat en tracks, where thousands have preceded him, but, in the regions where civilization has not yet penetrated. I wish my executor to furnish him with whatever funds he may require to prosecute his otravels, and that he should explore some place where no white man had ever before been.

"I especially recommend that he should travel in Arica, the only continent now remaining of which his way in the continent of the property of the continent of the property will of mystery that hangs over the continent of the will of mystery that hangs over the continent of the bidden countries."

The will went on to give minute directions as to the best way to proceed, according to the writer's notions, and concluded by recommending Manuel by take with him his "two friends, John Curtis and Thomas Bullard, in whose courage and good sense I have full confidence, having seen them both tried to the utmost under my own eye."

And thus it was that our three friends now found themselves on the steamer Imperatrice, bound for Holizon.

"Kitty" Ledoux had been left behind, much to his own discontent; but neither his father nor mother would allow him to go. They had been so the steamer imperatrice, bound for Holizon.

"So that poor "Kitty" was compelled to stay at home, his father concluding that he had better enter his counting house and learn business.

Jack Curtis and Bullard had no difficulty in following Manuel. Mr. Curtis was quite willing that his son should see as much of the world as possible before he was able to join him in business; and as for "Plug," his uncle John made no objection, especially since Manuel agreed that Tom should not be put to any expense larger than his usual allowance, which uncle John paid regularly out of the little fortune left by Tom's father.

Manuel, on account of being the eldest, had become, by tacit consent, the leader of the expedition. The others agreed with him in everything, and were to proceed to Eg

These minarets were grouped in fours, around great round domes covered with gilding, and shining in the bright sunlight.
"What are those for, Wiseman?" asked Tom Bullard, who, like most American boys, knew little of the East.
"They are the minarets of the measures or Arch."

of the East.

"They are the minarets of the mosques, or Arab churches," said Manuel. "The Mohammedans have no bells, but they call people to prayers from the balconies of the minarets. They have a certain order of priests, called muezzins, who go up on the minarets five times a day, and call out so that they can be heard all over the city, We shall soon hear them."

minarets are times a day, and call out so that they can be heard all over the city, We shall soon hear them."

Half an hour later the steamer was moored at the quay, and our friends were ashore, surrounded by a motely crowd of Arabs, Maitese, French, and all the other nationalities that are mixed up in a grand hodgepodge in Algiers.

A neat French commissionative, or hotel runner, soon took charge of them and their baggage, and in a short time they were comfortably installed in the Hotel de Paris, surrounded by French comfort and luxury, while below their windows lay the picturesque Arab town, so strangely unlike everything they had ever seen.

The white-aproned French waiter had disappeared with a civil intimation that dinner would be ready in ten minutes, and our friends were thinking about dressing for it, when they heard coming through the open window the deep, mellow tones of a man's voice, loud and sonorous, chanting a peculiar song, which seemed to come from high up in the air. It was taken up, fir and near, in all directions, till the melodious chorus floated away over the housetops while the buzz of the street below was intantly hushed.

"It is the call to prayer," whispered Manuel, reverently.

They then looked from the window, and perceived

"It is the can to prayer," whispered manuel, reverently.

They then looked from the window, and perceived that the hotel was directly under the shadow of a great mosque, and there, on the balcony of a slender minaret, stood a grave, long-bearded Moor, chanting the solemn summons to prayer.

They could catch some of the words of the long chant.

They could catch some of the words of the long chant.

"All the his akbar! Alla his akbar! Alla his akbar! Mihammed ra.oul Allah!" and more that they could not make out.

"God is great! God is great! God is great! Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer, of true believers! Prayer is better than sleep." Such was the translation which they obtained from the hotel commissionaire, who understood the language of the place.

The boys could see from the windows, the poor simple Arabs and Moors, whom they had hitherto looked upon as dirty beggars, on their knees, wherever they happened to be when the call was sounded, saying their prayers without any false shame. The Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders and passed on, but our boys could not help being struck with the piety of these poor Mohammedans, and liking them all the better for it.

The fact is, that there are many of us who might take a lesson from the Arab, without suffering any harm from it.

"And now, fellows," said Jack Curtis, that evening, after they had strolled over the town to see all that was to be seen, "what is the first thing for us to do?"

"What do you say, Tom?" asked Manuel, smiling.

that was to be seen, "what is the first thing for us to do?"

"What do you say, Tom?" asked Manuel, smiling.

"I say, go for the lions," said Tom, shortly.

"But where shall we find them?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"Ask the French officers," answered Plug, sententiously. "They ought to know."

"But while we're hunting lions," suggested Manuel, "we're not traveling.

"What's the difference!" demanded Tom. "We've got to learn Arabic, and the lions are all among the Arabs. We'll be killing two birds with one stone, and learning how to behave in Africa.

"Your idea's not bad, 'decided Manuel, thoughtfully; "but how are we to find out where to go?"

"Send for the landlord," ordered Tom, and he pulled the bell.

The host came when summoned, and was at once surprised and interested in the subject.

"But, messieurs," he pleaded, deprecatingly, "you do not know what our Algerine lions are. They are terrible, and all the Arabs fear them I do not wish to offend you, messieurs, but you re all very—very "

do not wish to offend you, messieurs, but you re all very—very
And the polite landlord shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"You mean young and rash," added Manuel, smiling. "We admit it, monsieur, but we have made up our minds to kiii a few lions before we leave Algiers. Is there any one here can tell us where to find them, think you?"

"But, certainly, persisted the landlord. "There is the captain, Bouchard, who lost an arm by a lion's jaws last year, when the beast killed five soldiers, and charged a whole regiment before he was killed. And there is Colonel Legal, and General Yusuf, all in town now, any one of whom can tell you all about it.

it."
"Enough," said Manuel. "I have a letter to Colonel Legal myself. We will go and see him to-night, And so it was settled.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

THE OULED CASSIM.

The news soon spread about the city that three Americans had come to hunt lions, and the boys became the object of much curiosity. The French officers of the different regiments fraternized with them, and gave them much valuable information as to the habitat of the lion, and how to find him. Through the kindness of Colonel Legal, of the Spahis (irregular native cavalry) they were enabled to purchase good horses at a reasonable price, and had reason to rejoice at their good fortune in having letters to this officer, during the progress of many a subsequent hunt. These horses were of the Barb breed, not very large. Fourteen and a half to fifteen hands was the tallest. But they were put together like giants. Close-ribbed and round-barreled, with large muscular quarters and delicate little heads, their large, soft, dark eyes were the index of the spirit and endurance of those noble animals.

Manuel Garcia's horse was a dapple gray; Bullard rode a bay stallion, mottled with black; and Jack Curtis steed was as fine a chestnut as ever was foaled.

They had angaged an Arab muleteer to accompany

Curtis steed was as an area of the foaled.

They had engaged an Arab muleteer to accompany them, and their baggage was loaded on his mules. For themselves, they caracoled gayly ahead on the road to Constantine, their Mexican spurs, with their huge rowels and jingling bells, attracting the attention of all the ragged Moors and Arabs in the neighborhood.

huge rowels and jingling bells, attracting the attention of all the ragged Moors and Arabs in the neighborhood.

They took the road to Constantine and traveled leisurely thither, passing the romantic defiles of the Atlas, and enjoying the magnificent scenery. They camped every night, pitching their comfortable little tent, and enjoying this gipsying life hugely. At last they arrived at Constantine, a terrifically situated mountain fortress, surrounded by beetling precipices, thousands of feet deep, and from thence pursued their way to Guelma, the former home of Gerard, the lion-killer.

The fame of our friends preceded them all along the track, and when they arrived at Guelma, no less than three deputations of Arabs were waiting for them. Since the departure of the great Gerard, it appeared that the lions had been greatly on the increase, and the flocks and herds of the Arabs had been much harassed. The lion-killer had gone to Europe, and thence on an expedition up the Nile for the British government, and no one had been found to take his p ace for three years. The Arabs, hearing of the strangers from beyond the sea, had come to find what manner of men they were.

I think they must have been disappointed if they expected anything imposing. Manuel was the only one of the party who boasted of more than seventeen years, and they all looked very youthful.

Jack Curtis wore his fair hair in curls, floating

Jack Curtis wore his fair hair in curls, floating over his shoulders, and his velveteen shooting dress and jaunty, gold-tasseled cap, made him look more like an actor on a spree than a grim lion-killer.

The old Arab chief g anced contemptuously at him and did not seem much more satisfied to see Bullard. His dress was that of a regular backwoodsman, made of gray deer-skin, fringed with Indian bead-work and porcupine quills, and all the paraphernalia of Western tinery. The Arab looked equally disgusted with him, inasmuch as Bullard was just at that moment laughing uproariously at the antics of one of the mules, which was tormented by a gad-fly. The Arab never laughs, and judges it unworthy of a man to do so. Hence his contempt for Bullard.

the antics of one of the mines, which is and judges it unworthy of a man to do so. Hence his contempt for Bullard.

The old man seemed to think he had a bad job on his hands, and would get through it as quick as he could. He made a long speech in Arabic, which was translated by our friends mu eteer into French, and from which they learned that a large ion had been ravaging their flocks for some months, and that if they would only kill him the Arabs would be their slaves forever.

Manuel promised for his party that they would visit him at once, and the old enier retired, when the other two deputations delivered their messages. They were of similar import. So that our boys were quite likely to have lions enough on their hands. The nearest account or Arab encampment, which had been persecuted by the lion, ay at the foot of the Atlas, toward the south, about twenty miles off. Thither the boys determined to proceed at once. They did not picch any camp at the ma, as they had at first intended, but roac through the pace, accompanied by a large cavalcade of Arab horsemen, the deputation from the Ou ed Cassim, or sons of Cassim, as their triends of the irrs deputation from the Ou ed Cassim, as their triends of the irrs deputation from the Ou ed Cassim, or sons of Cassim, as their triends of the irrs deputation from the Ou ed Cassim, as a contraction were called. In the evening they reached the douar, and found the head shelm, anonammed sen Cassim, ready to receive them. Huge fires were

refer they were cherearded to see the strangers.

"Queer-looking dicks those Arabs are!" remarked Bulard. "Out in Texas the men wear the breeches, and the women the petticoats; but here I m hanged if they don't an wear petticoats together, on y the women have 'em the snortest."

"Yery bad taste in the sheikh, grumb ed Curtis, "to et all these fellows come and stare at us winder eating. I never knew before what it was to dine in state, but if this is like it, I don't want to repeat the operation."

"I don't care for that," declared practical Tom, "I only wish I could get a quiet chat with one of those lovely little creatures in the blue dresses, if you can call them dresses."

"It's as much as any of them wear here," replied Jack. "You'll see we'll have offers of the whole tribe and their daughters, if we kill the lion for them."

"Whew! how many wives do they allow a fellow here?"

here?"
"As many as he can support," Manuel smilingly

here?"

"As many as he can support," Manuel smilingly answered.

"Why, that's as liberal as old Brigham himself."

"Husn, boys," ordered the gentlemanty manuel.

"It's not pointe to keep the talk to ourselves. Let s have a chat with the sneikh. Ismail, ask the sheikh what time the ion usually comes?"

"Allah is great, and mohammed is his prophet," replied the old Araby sententiously. "Who can tell me when the seignieur snail visit his s aves? In the darkness and tempest you will hear his voice, and when the moon has hid her face. But whether he is here now, or whether he come in the morning, he will not let you hear him before he comes. The seignieur is the king, and we are his slaves."

"The seignieur is not my king, 'said Curtis, when this answer was translated to him. "Tell the sheikh that we are Americans, and have no king. That we laugh at kings, and have made the British lion put his tail between his legs and run, before this."

"Allah kerim!" exclaimed the skeikh, when he

That we laugh at kings, and have made the British lion put his tail between his legs and run, before this."

"Allah kerim!" exclaimed the skeikh, when he heard this. "You have caused a lion to run from you? He could not have been one of our nions though. Our lions will charge an army a one."

"They re not a circumstance to the British ion," replied Jack, coolly. "He feeds on Frenchmen wherever he can find them, and the only thing that can whip him is the American eag e."

"But no eag e is arge enough to kill a lion," objected the sheikh, not understanding the a lusions of Jack.

"Our eagle is," dec ared Curtis. "You shall see to-morrow morning that we will kill your seignieur." "If you can do hat," exclaimed the o d sheikh, impressively, "I will kiss your feet and be your save, and you shal have the most beautiful maiden in the tripe for your wife.

"Thank the sheikh for his kindness, Ismail, and ask him if he ll cear the tent; we re getting very sleepy," were Manuel's orders.

The hospitable od gent.eman immediate y rose, and made a short harangue in Arabic, which had the effect of clearing the tent of all the men in a few minutes. The women were more curious, especially the old and ugly ones. It was evidently their intention to watch the strangers going to bed, (to see if their clothes formed part of their bodies, as Ismail informed them). Tom Bullard settled the question by coolly commencing to take off his leathern hunting-shirt. The old sheikh laid hold of a big stick at this, and advanced to drive out the women, Manuel Garcia, with all the chivalry of his nature, was yet so shocked at the indelicacy of the women, that he offered no interference, and they were soon driven out, while our friends were left in peace to sleep.

How long they rested they could not tell, but it

were soon driven out, while our friends were left in peace to sleep.

How long they rested they could not tell, but it must have been for some time. Manuel dreamed that he was out in a thunder storm, with the heavy peals deafening his ears, when a louder clap than usual woke him. It was no dream. The sound of thunder was indeed in his ears, but it was the living thunder of the lion's great voice. It was reverberating all round, and he could not tell from what direction it proceeded. This peculiar property of the lion's roar has often been remarked by others. Bullard and Curtis still slept, but Manuel routed them out in quick time.

them out in quick time.
"Bu lard, get up!" he cried. "Curtis, rouse up!
Get your rifles and come out! Here's the tron."

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

LASSOING A LION.

"OR, hang the lion!" growled Tom, only halfawake; "let's go after him to-morrow. I want to sleep."

"Nonsense!" retorted Jack Curtis, sharply. "Wiseman's right. We must get up and go for him, or these Arabs will despise us."

Bullard shook himself and rose to his feet, and was soon as much awake as the rest. The tremendous voice of the lion, undoubtedly nearer, served to rouse them all fully, as the old sheikh peeped in at the tent-door. As he appeared they all salied forth, and stood outside the tent door.

The night was intensely dark, but looking to the east the boys could see a few faint streaks that looked like dawn.

It was unusual for the lion to come so late, but the moon had only just gone down, and it was owing to her presence that he had not appeared sooner. The fires were blazing furiously, and the Arabs were hurrying to and fro with loud cries, gun in hand. When the three friends came out, they attracted no attention whatever, all the camp being absorbed in receiving the coming enemy. Presently he roared again, and this time quite close by.

In an instant the camp was as stil as death!

It was pitiable, to American eyes, to see the abject terror to which these stalwart Arab warriors were reduced by a single lion. The boys had read of such things in Gerard, the lion-killer's book, but had felt disposed to doubt the facts as exaggerated. But here was the evidence before their eyes. The excited, yelling crowd was hushed in a moment, and began to slink into the tents. The cattle were huddled together in the center of the douar, trembling with fear.

And now came a roar louder than any yet, and the

gift of Allah, and not to be thrown away like a fool.
Wait only half an hour."
"But the lion will be gone," urged Bullard, in his

Wait only half an hour."

"But the lion will be gone," urged Bullard, in his turn.

"No fear of that," said the sheikh. "He will devour his prey in yonder thick ts, and stay there till night. All h grant that he may not come back!"

The boys were finally induced to comply with the chief's request, and remain till morning. The dogs of the douar were sent out after the lion, and from their loud barking it was concluded that they had found him not far off.

The three friends anxiously watched the fast-brightening east, and as soon as objects could be clearly distinguished, called for their horses.

"I'm going to trach those Arai s a lesson," declared Manuel Garcia, resolutely, as he swung into his saddle. "I don't like their conceit and their contemptuous airs, because a fellow doesn't happen to be a six footer with a big beard. Let's yout uithout any rifles, and lasso that lion. I know the thing has been done with a grizzly, and I'm swear he's worse than any lion that eyer to a ed' "Agreed," cried devil may-care Bullard, laughing gayly. "We'll astonish the natives, and show them what Americans can do."

When the Arabs saw them ready to ride out, quite unarmed apparently, their astonishment was loud.

"Never mind, old boy," put in Tom, to the sheikh, as he trotted by. "We'll bring the lion into camp presently, and you can kill him if you wan him"

The sheikh muttered something about Frankish madmen, and the whole population of the douar turned out to watch the operations of the strangers.

The boys galloped briskly forward to a little.

thicket of bushes, near the camp, where the dogs had given tongue first. Sure enough, there lay a buge black-maned iton, calmiy devouring the bul-lock.

The boys gaineped bitsay loward to a finish thicket of bushes, near the camp, where the dogs had given tongue first. Sure enough, there lay a buge black-maned lion, calmiy devouring the bullock.

As they came by, he looked up with a savage snarl, that wrinkled his lips, and exposed a beautiful set of white teeth to view. He e-deently didn't propose to be driven from his breakfast, but the boys were determined to do so, since it was impossible to cast a lasso at him so near the bushes.

Now Manuel Garcia shone out in list rue colors. As cool as a cucumter was Manuel. He stooped from his saddle to pick up some pebbles, and then galloped past the lion, just outside of his spring. As he passed he threw a handful with all his force at the iton's face, and then wheeled and gallope of, laughing. The hair-brained nature of the feat excited a yell of applause from the lately scornful Arabs. Of course the lion charked; Manuel expected him to, and kept his horse just ahead of him, to draw him into the open ground. The lion pursued him for some huncred yards, when Bullard, who had been ceiling his lasso meanwhile, came down like a shot across his track, whirling the noose round his head. It parted from his hand, and in another moment had settled over the lion's neck. The latter was so eager after Manuel that he did not notice it, till the pull of the galloping horse, catching him sidewise as he laped, tumbled him over and over on the grass, in ignominious defeat. Bullard had calculated his distance and his direction with the skill of an old evaquero. A moment earlier or later, and a different direction, would have only insured his own fall.

The Arabs were so astounded that a dead silence had fallen on them.

But the lion, though stunned and choked, was full of fight. He leaped to his feet and charged Bullard. But Manuel's lasso had been swinging, even while the game was struggling in the noose. It flew through the air, estiled on the lion's neck and in a moment more the grim beast was comparatively harmless.

As fast as h

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

BY W. H. MANNING.

In youth's bright days, when all the world Was like a river flowing free, I built my castles high and graud And dresmed what I in life would be.

The passing years have glided on,
And youth has gone beyond recall,
But still my dreems are unfulfilled—
Time's hand has swept away them all.
My childhood's home to strangers' tones
Gives echo now unheard by me;
No woman's eye for me keeps watch
In any spot on land or sea.

I've trod the soil of many lan's,
And rode the wave in calm and storm,
I've stood beneath the tropics' sun.
And marked the iceberg's mighty form,
But rest comes not to wande ing feet,
Nor peace to cheer the rover's heart;

I'm weary now with wandering, Gone are the charms of world and art.

My childhood's days, my childhood's days!

How sweet their memory comes to me;

Those olden days, those sunny days,

From every care so fully free,

But old-time joys, and old-time friends,

Have passed like shadows from my life;

Alone I face, uncheered by hope,

The buffets of the world's rade strife,

The minist and row to the Bee, and the most referred, and the control of the Bee, and the B

e sick."
"And taken away my appetite for supper," added youthful and elegant beauty beside her. "My ord Głoucester was hideous enough when living, t, mon Dieu! he is ten times more so when ad!"

dead!"
"Your ladyship will not have the same story to tell of yonder stranger, when he shares the same fate in an hour or two!" said the dwarf, with a malicious grin; "for I heard you remarking upon his extreme beauty when he first appeared."
The lady laughed and bowed, and turned her bright eyes upon Sir Norman.
"True! It is almost a pity to cut such a handsome head off—is it not? I wish I had a voice in your highness' council, and I know what I should do."

"True! Its amiost a phy to cut such a hand some head off—is it not? I wish I had a voice in your highness' council, and I know what I should do."

"What, Lady Mountjoy?"

"Entreat him to swear fealty, and become one of us; and—"

"And a bridegroom for your ladyship?" suggested the queen, with a curling lip. "I think if Sir Norman Kingsley knew Lady Mountjoy as well as I do, he would even prefer the block to such a fate!"

Lady Mountjoy's brilliant eyes shone like two angry meteors; but she merely bowed and laughed; and the laugh was echoed by the dwarf in his shrillest falsetto.

"Does your highness intend remaining here all night?" demanded the queen, rather flercely. "If not, the sooner we leave this ghastly place the better. The play is over, and supper is waiting."

With which the royal virago made an imperious motion for her attendant spirits in gossamer white to precede her, and turned with her accustomed stately step to follow. The music immediately changed from its doleful dirge to a spirited measure, and the whole company flocked after her, back to the great room of state. There they all paused, hovering in uncertainty around the room, while the queen, holding her purple train up lightly in one hand, stood at the foot of the throne, glancing at them with her cold, haughty and beautiful eyes. In their wandering, those same darkly-splendid eyes glanced and lighted on Sir Norman, who, in a state of seeming stupor at the horrible seene he had just witnessed, stood near the green table, and they sent a thrill through him with their wonderful resemblance to Leoline's. So vividly alike were they, that he half-doubted for a moment whether she and Leoline were not really one; but no—Leoline never could have had the cold, cruel heart to stand and witness such a horrible sight. Miranda's dark, piercing glance fell as haughtily and disdainfully on him as it had on the rest; and his heart sunk as he thought that whatever sympathy she had felt for him was entirely gone. It might have been colder, or stonier, or hard

him out of the depths of her great dark eyes; and with that look, his last lingering hope of life van ished.

"And now for the next trial!" exclaimed the dwarf, briskly breaking in upon his drab-colored meditations, and bustling past. "We will get it over at once, and have done with it!"

"You will do no such thing!" said the imperious voice of the queenly shrew. "We will have neither trials nor anything else until after supper, which has already been delayed four full minutes. My lord chamberlain, have the goodness to step in and see that all is in order."

One of the gilded and decorated gentlemen whom Sir Norman had mistaken for embassadors stepped off, in obedience, through another opening in the tapestry—which seemed to be as extensively undermined with such apertures as a cabman's coat with capes—and, while he was gone, the queen stood drawn up to her full hight, with her scornful face looking down on the dwarf. That small man lit up his very plain face into a bristle of the sourest kinks, and frowned sulky disapproval at an order which he either would not, or dared not, countermand. Probably the latter had most to do with it, as everybody looked hungry and mutinous, and a great deal more eager for their supper than the life of Sir Norman Kingsley.

"Your majesty, the royal banquet is waiting," in sinuated the lord high chamberlain, returning, and bending over until his face and his shoe-buckles almost touched.

"And what is to be done with this prisoner, while

most touched.

"And what is to be done with this prisoner, while we are eating it?" growled the dwarf, looking drawn swords at his liege lady.

"He can remain here, under care of the guards, can he not?" she retorted, sharply. "Or, if you are afraid they are not equal to taking care of him, you had better stay and watch him yourself."

With which answer, her majesty sailed majestically away, leaving the gentleman addressed to fol-

dismal drapery. But it was no seat: for everybody stood, arranging themselves silently and noiselessly around the walls, with the riverstion stood a tall, black statue, wearing a mask, and leaning on a bright, dreadful, glittering ax. The music changed to an unearthyl drige, so weird and blood curding, the statue, wearing a mask, and leaning on a bright, dreadful, glittering ax. The music changed to an unearthyl drige, so weird and blood curding, the statue, wearing a mask, and leaning on a bright, dreadful, glittering ax. The music changed to an unearthyl drige, so weird and blood curding, the statue of the st

ugliest man in the world, as she herself is the most beautiful of women!"

Her majesty took not the slightest notice of this compliment, not so much as a flutter of her drooping eyelashes betrayed that she even heard it, but his highness laughed until he was perfectly hoarse. "Slence!" shouted the duke, shocked and indignant at this glaring disrespect, "and answer truthfully the questions put to you. Your name, you say, is Sir Norman Kingsley?"

"Yes. Has your grace any objection to it?"

His grace waved down the interruption with a dignified wave of the hand, and went on with severe judicial dignity.

"You are the same who shot Lord Ashley between this and the city, some hours ago?"

"You are the same who shot Lord Ashley between this and the city, some hours ago?"

"I had the pleasure of shooting a highwayman there, and my only regret is, I did not perform the same good office by his companion, in the person of your noble self, before you turned and fled."

A slight titter ran round the room, and the duke turned crimson.

"These remarks are impertinent, and not to the purpose. You are the murderer of Lord Ashley, let that suffice. Probably you were on your way hither when you did the deed?"

"He was," said the dwarf, vindictively. "I met him at the 'Golden Crown' but a short time after."

"Very well, that is another point settled, and either of them is strong enough to seal his deathwarrant. You came here as a spy, to see and hear, and report—probably you were sent by King Charles?"

"Probably—just think as you please about it!"

les?"

"Probably—just think as you please about it!"
said Sir Norman, who knew his case was as desperate as it could be, and was quite reckless what he answered.

"You own you are a spy, then?"

"No such thing. I have owned nothing. As I told you before, you are welcome to put what construction you please on my actions."

"Sir Norman Kingsley, this is nonsensical equivocation! You own you came to hear and see?"

"Down with the bars!" he cried. "This is the one for him—the strongest and safest of them all. Now, my dashing courtier, you will see how tenderly your little friend provides for his favor-

all. Now, my dashing courtier, you will see how tenderly your little friend provides for his favorites!"

If Sir Norman made any reply, it was drowned in the rattle and clank of the massive bars, and is hopelessly lost to posterity. The huge door swung back; but nothing was visible but a black velvet pall, and an effluvia much stronger than sweet. Involuntarily he recoiled, as one of the guards made a motion for him to enter.

"Shove him in! shove him in!" shrieked the dwarf, who was getting so excited with glee that he was dancing about in a sort of jig of delight. "In with him—in with him! If he won't go peaceably, kick him in head-foremost!"

"I would strongly advise them not to try it," said Sir Norman, as he stepped into the blackness, "if they have any regard for their health! It does not make much difference after all, my little friend, whether I spend the next half hour in the inky blackness of this place, or the blood-red grandeur of your royal court. My little friend, until we meet again, permit me to say, an revair."

The dwarf laughed in his pleasant way, and pushed the candle cautiously inside the door.

"Good-by for a little while, my dear young sir, and while the headsman is sharpening his ax, I'll leave you to think about your little friend. Lest you should lack amusement, I'll leave you a light to contemplate your apartments; and for fear you may get lonesome, these two gentlemen will stand outside your door, with their swords drawn, till I come back. Good-by, my dear young sir—good-by!"

The dungeon door swung to with a tremendous

by!"
The dungeon door swung to with a tremendous bang. Sir Norman was barred in his prison to await his doom, and the dwarf was skipping along the passage with sprightliness, laughing as he went.

CHAPTER XIII.

ESCAPED.

PROBABLY not one of you, my dear friends, who glance graciously over this, were ever shut up in a dungeon under expectation of bearing the unpleasant operation of decapitation within half an hour. It never happened to myself, either, that I can recollect; so, of course, you or I personally can form no idea what the sensation may be like; but in this particular case, tradition saith Sir Norman Kingsley's state of mind was decidedly depressed. As the door shut violently, he leaned against it, and listened to his jailers place the great bars into their sockets, and felt he was shut in, in the dreariest, darkest, disangleest, disagreeablest place that it had ever been his misfortune to enter. He thought of Leoline and reflected that in all probability she was sleeping the sleep of the just—perhaps dreaming of him, and little knowing that his head was to be cut off in half an hour.

In the course of time morning would come—it was not likely the ordinary course of nature would be cut off because he was; and Leoline would get up and dress herself, and looking a thousand times prettier than ever, stand at the window and wait for him. Ah! she might wait—much good would it do her; about that time he would be—where? It was a rather uncomfortable question, not easily answered, and depressed him to a very desponding degree indeed. He thought of Ormiston and La Masque—no doubt they were billing and cooing in most approved fashion just then, and never thinking of him; though, but for La Masque and his own folly, he might have been half married by this time. He thought of Count L'Estrange and Master Hubert, and became firmly convinced, that if one did not find Leoline the other would; and each being equally bad, it was a toss up in agony which got her. He thought of Queen Miranda, and of the adage, "put no trust in princes," and sighed deeply as he reflected what a bad sign of human nature it was—more particularly such handsome human nature—that she could, figuratively speaking, pat him on the back one moment and kick him to the scaffold the next. He thought, dejectedly, what a fool he was ever to have come back; or even having come back, not to have taken greater pains to stay up aloft, instead of pitching abruptly head-foremost into such a select company without an invitation. He thought, too, what a cold, damp, unwholesome chamber they had lodged him in, and how apthe would be to have a bad attack of ague and rheumatic fevers, if they would only let him live long enough to enjoy those blessings. And this having brought him to the end of his melancholy meditation, he began to reflect how he could best amuse himself in the interim, before quitting this vale of tears. The candle was still blinking feebly on the floor, shedding tears of wax in its feeble prostration, and it suddenly reminded him of the dwarf's advice to examine his dark bower of repose. So he picked it up and snuffed it with his fingers, and held it aloof, much as Robinson Crusoe held the brand in the dark cavern with the dead goat.

In the velvet pall of blackness before alluded to, its small, wan ray pierced but a few inches, and only made the darkness visible. But Sir Norman groped his way to the wall, which he found to be all over green and noisome slime; and broken out into a clammy perspiration, as though it were at its last gasp. By the aid of his friendly light, for which he was really much obliged—a fact which, had his little friend known, he would not have left it—he managed to make the circuit of his prison, which he found rather spacious, and by no means uninhabited; for the black walls and floor were covered with fat, black beetles, whole families of which interesting specimens of the insect-world he crunched removed the second of the processor of the insect-world he crunched removalessly much of the arch and was reased.

"You own you are a spy, then?"
"You own you are a spy, then?"
"You have been any actions."
"You have links and seed the seed of the seed of picking any actions."
"You have links and seed or consistent spyring."
"Need you akt. What is the fact of all pejes?"
"Need you akt. What is the fact of all pejes?"
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"You have said lift. Have you any reason why."
"You have said lift. Have you any reason why."
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"You have lad lift. Have you any reason why."
"In the you have lad lift. Have you any reason who have lad lift. Have you any lad lift. Have you have lad

"But in the mean time you might have escaped."

"Madam, look at this stone floor, that stone roof, those solid walls, that barred and massive door; reflect that I am some forty feet under ground—can not perform impossibilities, and then ask yourself how?"

"Sir Norman, have you ever heard of good fairies visiting brave knights and setting them free?"

Sir Norman smiled.

"I am afraid the good fairies and brave knights went the way of all flesh with King Arthur's round table; and even if they were in existence, none of them would take the trouble to limp down so far to save such an unlucky dog as I."

"Then you forgive me for what I have done?"

"Your majesty, I have nothing to forgive."

"Bah!" she said, scornfully. "Do not mock me here. My majesty, forsooth! you have but fifteen But in the mean time you might have es-

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minutes to live in this world, Sir Norman; and if you have no better way of spending them, I will tell you a strange story-my own, and all about this place."
"Madam, there is nothing in the world I would

ike so much to hear."

"You shall hear it, then, and it may beguile the last slow moments of time before you go out into

last slow however territy.'

She set her lamp down on the floor among the rats and beetles, and stood watching the small red flame a moment with a gloomy, downeast eye; and Sir Norman, gazing on the beautiful darkening face, so like and yet so unlike Leoline, stood eagerly awaiting what was to come.

Meantime, the half hour sped. In the crimson court the last trial was over, and Lady Castlemaine, a slender little beauty of eighteen, stood condemned to die.

eu to die.

"Now for our other prisoner!" exclaimed the dwarf, with sprightly animation; "and while I go to the cell, you, fair ladies, and you, my lord, will seek the black chamber and await our coming there."

there."
Ordering one of his attendants to precede him with a light, the dwarf skipped jauntily away to gloat over his victim. He reached the dungeon-door, which the guards, with some trepidation in their countenance, as they thought of what his highness would say when he found her majesty locked in with the prisoner, threw open.

"Come forth, Sir Norman Kingsley!" shouted the dwarf, rushing in. "Come forth and meet your doom!"

doom!"

But no Sir Norman Kingsley obeyed the pleasant invitation, and a dull echo from the interior alone answered him. There was a lamp burning on the floor, and near it lay a form, shining and specked with white in the gloom. He made for it between fear and fury, but there was something red and slippery on the ground, in which his foot slipped, and he fell. Simultaneously there was a wild cry from the two guards and the attendant, that was echoed by a perfect screech of rage from the dwarf, as on looking down he beheld Queen Miranda lying on the floor in the pool of blood, and apparently quite dead, and Sir Norman Kingsley gone.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

'ASHES OF ROSES."

"Why do I wear this dress to-night,
Of ghostly, dismal gray?
Ah, girl, that question opes a door
Fast looked for many a day!
It would, indeed, seem out of place,
Where waves of fashion flow,
But ah, its flushes tint the tide

Of a roseate long-ago.

"Come to the window. Oh, glorious night!
"Twas such an eve as this,
My heart merged with its childish love
Into a woman's bliss;
My gauzy robes, of this same hue,
Lay shimmering in the gleam
Of early twilight's rose and dun,
That trailed, far down the stream,

Softly away. He drew the oars
Up from their limpid bed;
It seemed as if the zephyrs paused
To catch the words he said.
We floated o'er the glad blue waves—
The glad blue up above;
This hour belonged to mirth alone—
The next, perchance, to love.

'What presence guides my magic bark?
Spirit or earth-sprite, say!
Didst win this garb from sunset's pink
That flush the cloudlands gray?
Or rose you from some moonlit lake,
Drawing its peerless shade
Around you, as you stepped on board,
Half sea-nymph, half a maid?

"'Nither. Now guess again,' I cried,

Searching his clear gray eyes—
Perhaps in blending orbs and blush
This color witchery lies.

'Ab, Fay, you've found the mystic brush
That paints this wondrous sheen;

'Tis love-light; haloing e'en the robes
That deck our chosen qu'en!

Love-light' we'll name this dainty hue
Born of a glance and blush—
Love-light! he murmured softly, through
The dreamy, loitering hush.
Ah, sweet, suggestive tallsman,
Kiss-sealed on lip and brow!
Yes, love-light in life's trysting-time;
Ashes of roses now.

"So, dear, this is a memory-night;
I choose this odd hued dress;
Its folds hide deep the olden blush
Which thanked his dear caress;
Its soft, vague shadow kindly throws
A draping pall of gray
O'er one scaled, buried treasure-trove,
Where only ashes lay.

"Ashes of one bright rose that bloomed In a far-off summertime, That lights to-night the ruby flame Of life's bewildering wine. Clusters of immortell's, for me; Roses, for you, still shine! Yours, girlie, be the robes of glow; Ashes of roses, mine.

Without a Heart:

WALKING ON THE BRINK. A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DRAWING THE WEB. THE day after the false marriage at Wildidle a horseman rode up to the door of that mansion, and handed his bridle-rein to a negro in waiting.

It was the same personage who had met the gipsy queen in the forest, and afterward the negro in the swamp. Ascending the steps he asked to see Clarence

Erskine. 'Massa Clarence am gone Norf, sah, but de colonel am in," replied the butler.
"Ask him if I can see him, please—say Mr.

Markham.' The stranger was asked into the library, by

the polite butler, and a few moments after Colonel Erskine entered the room. "You would see my son, sir, I believe; pray 'Yes, sir, I called upon Mr. Erskine, and re-

gret his absence. Will he soon return?" He has gone off on a bridal-tour-" "Good God! I am too late. Did Clarence Erskine marry Eve Ainslie?" "He did, sir; but why this startled manner

can I ask?" and Colonel Erskine seemed greatly surprised at the manner of the man, who

turned as pale as death.

"Colonel Erskine, I owe to you a full explanation, sir, and I will tell you all, and you must prepare to hear some most unpleasant news.

"Believe me, I regret exceedingly that I was not here to prevent the marriage. Hold, please, and hear me; but I was called North on important business two weeks ago, and expected to have returned long ere Mr. Erskine was insnared into a false alliance.

"What! do you dare come here to insult me in my own home?"

No, sir, I have come to tell you the truth, and let me here say, sir, that I am a detective, working up one of the most remarkable cases of misplaced confidence, fraud and crime ever

"I hope you speak advisedly, sir, and will at once tell me how my son and his wife are mixed up in this affair.

In a frank, earnest tone Mr. Markham began a recital, which, as he proceeded, blanched the face of Colonel Erskine as white as his hair, and caused him to tremble with emotion that he in vain strove to control.

After a long conversation the two gentlemen arose and proceeding to the pier went on board the little sloop-yacht lying there.

The crew had already been summoned by their master, three stalwart negro boatmen, and in a little while more the pretty craft was dashing swiftly through the waters.

The wind was fresh, and a run of three hours brought them to the Cliffside pier, the home of Clinton Clarendon.

Having seen the yacht standing in toward his pier, and recognizing it as the Wildidle yacht, Clinton Clarendon had gone down to meet his guests, and as they stepped ashore said, pleasantly

"Colonel, I am glad to see you, sir; Mr. Markham, I believe we met some two weeks since, when you called to see if I would sell my dear-

Colonel Erskine seemed so glad to see the young planter that he extended both hands, which were at once grasped by Clinton Claren-Instantly Mr. Markham stepped forward,

and in the twinkling of an eye a pair of spring handcuffs encircled the wrists of Clinton Clar adon, ironing them securely together.

As pallid as a human face can turn, surprised, entrapped, furious, Clinton Clarendon staggered back, hissing forth: "What mean you, sir, by this outrage?" and

the manacled hands endeavored to draw a mother. weapon from the breast-pocket. "Simply, that you are my prisoner, Clinton Clarendon, alias Claude Clinton, for I arrest you in the name of the law," said Mr. Mark-

ham, calmly "And why, sir?" was all the enraged man could say.

"For crimes too numerous to enumerate now. Hold! move one inch, and I'll cheat the gallows of your life!" and the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed the temple of the entrapped

"Into that yacht, sir; and, mind you, no re

Claude Clinton, as he was now known to be, glanced nervously around, as if longing to call his slaves to his rescue; but, fearing that it would but seal his doom, and not knowing what were the charges or proofs against him he sneered gloomily, and obeyed the stern or der by taking a seat upon the cushioned seat of the yacht, while his lips moved, and Colonel Erskine, scarcely less pale than the prisoner, caught the words.

She has betrayed me; I did not believe it

A run up the coast of several hours, and Claude Clinton found himself an inmate of the same prison in which Howard Moulton was awaiting his doom of an ignominious death

> CHAPTER XXXIX. AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

In the luxuriously-furnished home, where had passed his youthful years in happiness with his father, mother, and Florice, sat Clar ence Erskine and his lovely bride.

Nearly a month had gone by since their marriage, and not a shadow had dimmed their

Suddenly there came a ring at the door-bell, and a card was brought in, the visitor desiring to see Mr. and Mrs. Erskine.

"Mr. Markham, his card reads; I do not know him, and this stormy night I was in hope we would have no visitors; but ask him in, Ja son," said Clarence. The next moment Mr. Markham entered,

and bowing to Clarence and his wife, said "Mr. Erskine, I have called upon you, sir, upon a matter most important; is there any

fear of outside interruption?" seated. Mr. Markham."

The man remained standing, and while his keen eyes flashed from one face to the other, he said:

"It is a most painful duty I have to perform, sir, but I will not flinch from it, and I beg you to hear me patiently and be brave under the

"My father!" cried Clarence, in alarm,

while Eve turned deadly pale.
"Is well, sir; I saw him a few days since at Wildidle. He knows of what I would make known to you, and asked me to hand you this

"He would have come on with me, but the shock was too great, and he returned to his Clarence almost jerked the letter from the speaker's hand, broke the seal, and read:

"May God give you strength to hear all that I have heard. It is true, as you will find to your cost.
"Your sympathizing FATHER." "Perhaps I had better retire," said Eve, ris-

'No, you will remain here, madam; it is of you that I would speak," sternly said Mr. Markham, and with scared face the guilt-accused woman sunk back into a chair, while

Clarence said sternly, through his set teeth: "I am ready to hear all you would say, sir."
"Mr. Erskine," commenced Mr. Markham, calmly, and in an exceedingly distinct voice 'two years ago I was a student at a wellknown university in this State—your wife may remember me when I say that my name

is-Markham Leslie" "Mark Leslie—yes, I remember," slowly said Eve, and then the beauty of her face became narred by a cold, stony look; but in the same

listinct voice Mark Leslie continued: "One of my fellow-students—one who had college began to lead a wild and dissipated life, and, as he was engaged to my only sister, I re-monstrated with him, but all to no avail, for daily his escapades increased, until at last I felt convinced that he had lured to ruin a young

and beautiful girl. "Gradually the whole truth dawned upon ne, until I was at last convinced, and then I sought out that fellow-student, Claude Clin-

'Ha! that was the name of your friend, Eve?" said Clarence Erskine, hoarsely. Yes.

It was all that she said; her lips could not articulate more.

'I sought out Claude Clinton and made known my suspicions, and—to conceal one crime, he committed another, and struck a

blow at my life. "Then he fled from the college, and no one knew what had become of him. "I lingered for weeks between life and death,

and at length arose from my bed to learn with horror that my darling sister had fled from her home and her friends, none knew whither. "I felt that I knew, and from that day I devoted myself to the one aim of my life-re-

enge upon Claude Clinton. 'Obtaining the authority of a United States detective, I started forth upon my work—to track Claude Clinton to his death. Now I will

go on to tell, Mr. Erskine, the whole story of my discoveries: will you listen to me?"

> CHAPTER XL. THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

STILL standing, and leaning gracefully gainst the mantel, his arms folded upon his reast, Mark Leslie, who had devoted his life o becoming an untiring sleuth-hound of the

'To begin at the beginning, I had to trace Claude Clinton from the time of his university ife, and having ample means at my command I set parties to work on his track, until I learned that he had, five months before he struck at my life, rescued from drowning a young girl, the supposed niece of a woman who lived upon the opposite bank of the river from that on which the college stood.

"This woman I at once sought, and, gaining er confidence, I learned that the girl was not her niece, but her daughter, and that hers was story of woman's love and trust, and man's nhumanity and perfidy

'I need not tell why it was that the woman hid the secret of the girl's birth from her, and her near kindred to herself; but she hated the maiden because in her was an image of her father, the man who had so cruelly treated the

"Such was the girl whose life Claude Clinton had saved, and my inquiries and search soon discovered that the maiden had secretly left her home, an unhappy one I admit, with Claude Clinton, and with him had entered into one of the boldest games at deception ever

"From her home the thoughtless maiden went with her lover to a lonely country church on Silver Creek, and was there wedded, by the old clergyman, to the man for whom she had given up all.

Clarence Erskine groaned aloud, and leaning forward buried his face in his hands, while Eve sat like a marble statue, so cold, so stony, so white she looked But the merciless detective went on with his

story, his face growing more stern as he pro-

ceeded: "From the Silver Creek church the young couple went to town, and there the maiden was metamorphosed into a fine-looking youth, for her wealth of beautiful hair was sacrificed, and she stepped into a full suit of male attire, and, with an addition to her name, entered the uni-

versity as a student. "So wonderfully well conceived was the de ception that neither the professors nor students suspected the fraud, though the graceful form, and small hands and feet of the handsome stu-

dent were often remarked. "Watching Claude Clinton as closely as I did, on account of his connection with my sister, I soon had my suspicions aroused, and suspicion ripened into certainty; so I sought him and told him what I had discovered—that the youth was a maiden in disguise.

"Then I did not know they were married but I nearly lost my life by my accusation, and when I arose from my sick bed Claude Clinton and his companion had gone—the latter at my advice I believed, for, wishing to save her from shame, I told her I knew her as she was.

'Tracking Claude Clinton from the start, I ound that he began to leave a bloody trail be hind him, for his first act was to take the life of the clergyman who had married him-determined to wipe out all proof of his marriage, for, intending to desert his young wife, h wished no record to exist against him.

"In securing the leaf from the church regis ter, on which was recorded his marriage, suppose the clergyman resisted, and lost his lee coast, as if merely for pleasure.

I believed, until a short while ago, that "None, sir. Here, Jason, see that we are not disturbed under any circumstances. Be had not; he had lost it in his flight, and the one who found it was his wife, following along the same road a few hours after.

"That wife was, still believed to be a youth, arrested for the murder of the clergyman, tried, and cleared by your able argument, Mr

"God have mercy!" groaned the crushed

Eve yet remained silent.

"Saved from the gallows, her career you know, so I will go on to relate what followed in the mad course pursued by Claude Clinton. "As was feared, my poor sister Louise fled from her home with the man she so wildly loved, and, believing the story he told her, of his having to fly for killing a fellow-student in duel, and little knowing that it was her own

brother he had struck down, she went with him to the Far West, and there he settled "Chance caused him to save an old miner, a man of considerable means, and a bachelor. "To his home Claude Clinton took this old

man, and, with no friends or relatives in the vorld, the miner made Clinton the heir to his fortune, mostly in gold.

"Some time after, that old man, whose name was Clarendon, was found dead in the forest, a bullet-wound in his head and his scalp

"He had been slain by Indians, it was said and believed—but the red paint and feathers of an Indian concealed the evil face of Claude Clinton, and the bullet in Clarendon's skull just fitted the bore of his heir's rifle.

"Again provided with funds, Claude Clinton and his wife—for so Louise believed her-self, as a mock ceremony had been performed, I forgot to say—left for San Francisco.

'There the evil man led a fast life for awhile and then tiring of poor Louise, as he had of his deserted wife, he fled from her, leaving her been my best friend in our boyhood—when at there to starve—or seek her own living at the loss of her soul.

"But, thank God! Louise wrote to me, and I at once went to her, for up to that time I was at a loss to find Claude Clinton's whereabouts. "I took poor Louise back to her childhood's home, and most kindly our parents received her, for they saw that she was sinking into her grave, her heart broken by the severe blow

"Anxious to do all they could for her, and prolong her life, our parents took her to Europe; but, alas! in sunny Italy she found a grave, and Claude Clinton was her murderer. "Once more upon the trail of the man I so longed to meet, I tracked him until, by a strange chain of circumstances, I learned that a person answering his description had purchased a small plantation on the southern

coast. "Thither I went, and found not only Claude Clinton but his deserted wife, living not twenty miles apart, and more did I discover—that each had become aware of the other's presence in the neighborhood, and with an utter disregard of honor the woman had determined to marry one who had proven her noblest bene-

"I needed some one to aid me then in working up the case against the two, so I wrote to her mother to come on at once. 'She obeyed, and became my ally, disguis-

ing herself as a gipsy queen, and in other ways, finding out all the internal workings of the home where her daughter resided, loved as dearly and cared for as lavishly by her benefactors as though she had been in reality of kindred blood. dred blood.

The death of my father, just at the time I was drawing in my net to entrap Claude Clinton and his designing wife, called me North for a short while, and upon my return, I learned, with horror, Mr. Erskine, that Eve Ainslie had, in defiance of God and man, wickedly become as you believed, your wife.

"Then I sought out your father, and to him I told all, as I have told you, and our first act together was to go to Cliffside, and put Claude Clinton in irons, and in prison

"Then I started North after you, and in a bundle of private papers, taken from the desk of Eve Clinton, I found the secret of her con-trol over her husband: it was the blood-stained record."

> CHAPTER XLL AT LAST.

AFTER a long pause, in which Clarence Erskine did not raise his bowed head from his hands, and Eve never changed her stony stare upon Mark Leslie, he continued:

That Eve Clinton left her first home because she was unhappy, I well believe; that she lmired, but never loved, Claude Clinton, I also believe, and had he been a different man who would have led upward and not downward this fearful life history, in which the heart his tory of a wicked man and woman is laid bare.

would not have to be told. "Taking advantage of circumstances turning up in her favor, and blindly following a lucky fortune, Eve Ainslie went on until she sinne gainst the only man she ever loved—you, Mr Erskine—and with the power in her hand to prove Claude Clinton guilty of murder, she aughed at him, while she boldly stood up before God and man and entered upon a fals

Her love for you, Mr. Erskine, strong as I eve it is, was no excuse for her doing you

No, no, no," groaned the unhappy man. Now let me tell you more of Claude Clin ton, for there is much to say of his evil, inhuman course.

By a strange accident, I met, on my way Cliffside, to satisfy myself fully regar the identity of its master, an old negro, Buck

He was wounded, suffering, and had hid-

den for weeks in the swamp, afraid to come out for fear of his life. From him I heard a startling story, of how his master, Claude Clinton, had sailed from home one afternoon, intending to run down the

coast to the city. "He alone had accompanied his master, and that they had put into the pier at Wildidle, where Claude Clinton had landed, meeting

there Miss Eve Erskine, as she was called. Though standing off and on in his boat, Buck said that a stormy interview seemed to be taking place between Claude Clinton and his fair companion, which ended upon the approach

'That night his master stayed to tea at Wildidle, and sailing off late, the wind freshened and they have to, to take a reef in their sail. While thus engaged, a small boat passed,

in which was Captain Lambert, of the Eaglet, who spoke to his master. Shortly after a larger boat, following in the wake of the gig, went by, having in it but a single occupant; but it did not stand on into the shore toward Wildidle, but ran down the

Then his master put back again to the Wild idle pier, and landing, told him to await him there, ready to start at a moment's notice. "Claude Clinton was gone about fifteen min

utes, so the negro said, and returned hurriedly, shouting: 'Get out of this, sir; quick! do you hear?' 'Buck obeyed quickly, for he knew what

ter was in anger "As they stood out of the bay, Claude Clin ton came aft to where Buck sat, and the negro said, as he caught sight of his right hand, still grasping a knife, stained from hilt to point: Massa, am you killed anybody, 'ka'se your

knife an' han' be all bloody?' "'That discovery seals your doom, my man,' cried Claude Clinton, and he made a blow at the negro's head, which cut a terrible gash and

stunned him. in the water and nearly strangled; but, being a bold swimmer, he took his bearings, and man-

aged to reach shallow water, a mile distant. "From here he dragged himself to a lonely hut he knew of in the swamp, a retreat for deer-hunters, and in that place he spent weeks, for the next night he crawled to the plantation and lay in wait until he saw a fellow-negro, his

best friend. This man supplied poor Buck with edibles, and though they plotted together they knew not how to go about having Claude Clinton arrested, and they stood in deadly fear of him."

'Thank God that Howard Moulton is acquit ted of murder." said Clarence Erskine, with "And I thank God that another crime i fastened upon Claude Clinton," said Eve, in

voice hoarse with feeling.
"But this was not all that I learned from poor Buck. He it was who sailed his maste one night to a point of the coast near Wildidle and awaited for him one hour, when he return ed hastily and put back home, arriving at Cliff

side just before daybreak. That night Claude Clinton was dressed a an army officer; and, hence, the man who killed Paul Launcelot in a duel is found a

"Yes, at last," echoed Eve; but it was all that she said, and she still sat like a marble statue. Clarence Erskine still remained bowe (To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

> Base-Ball. BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN,

In our last issue we gave the statistics of the first tour of the Western nines, in which it was shown that though the opposing teams, section vs. section, came out even as regards the total games lost and won on the tour, that in the general play the majority of the West-ern nines bore off the palm. Below will be found another table compiled by the able base ball editor of the Chicago Times, such presents a very interesting analysis of negative and the eight teams during the tour selections. ended June 17th. It appears that the theor of the writer is based upon the assumption that hits and errors give bases, and bases give runs; not that any particular base-hit or error will give a run, but a chance for a run.

The case of fouls missed does not operate against this, for the reason that in cases where a life is given there is also given a chance to make a base-hit or invite an error, while it equally operates against the club batting, since a chance is charged against them without any opportunity for scoring a run:

	MONTH SAME	AND THEFT		AND ACCOUNTS		
Total	Boston Opponents. Cincinnati Opponents.	St Louis Opponents. Athletic Opponents.	Hartford Opponents. Louisville Opponents.	Chicago Opponents. Mutual Opponents.	June 17.	
94	2 2	28	22.	: 22	Played.	
94	10 14 4 20	14 8 15	18 10	20	Games won.	
1,047.	136 88 206	149 98 174	149 86 97	159 106 140	Runs.	
1,779.	208 255 180 294	222 178 279 298	238 196 171	268 201 188 238	Base hits.	
1,542.	293 - 238 242 - 176	177 218 236 188	186 178 178	109 225 176 158	Errors.	
8,:21.			255	498 346 414	Errors. Chances	
8.17 11.14	3.28 5.67 .7.17 856 8.19 8.67 .7.17 856 2.60 8.58	2.91 3.62 2.68 2.72	2.84 4.24 4.18 4.35	3.10 3.27 2.96		
11.14	5.67 7.17 8.67 8.58	6.21 4.08 7.57 8.52	6.77 3.00 3.58 4.04	6.68 3.00 4.61 6.09	Average runs per game.	
18.93	446 3.28 3.10 5.67 7.17 10.63 8.66 4.05 2.60 8.65 7.50 12.25	4.85 2.91 6.21 9.25 7.38 4.67 855 8.22 7.57 12.18 7.49 10.26	2.84 6.77 10.82 6.55 280 4.24 3.00 6.55 3.44 4.85 3.58 8.17 7.18	498 8.10 6.68 11.17 8.88 846 8.27 4.61 6.09 8.17 10.85	Average Average base bits game. per game.	
16.40	12.21 9.92 10.08 7.23	7.38 10.26 8.88	6.18 7.21 6.6	7 4	Average of errors per game.	
35.88	18 59 22.84 14.88 22.83	8.88 118.18 14.80 8.17 23.22	19.28 12.78 14.80 14.84	9.38 20.55 12.92 55 6.87 15.04 18.00	Average Average Average Average chances runs per base bits of errors of chanc's to runs. game, per game, per game, per game.	
A summary of the above table shows how						

the nines relatively stand in their batting and fielding, the criterion of excellence being the average of base-hits and fielding errors. We place the clubs according to the smallest average of errors, giving the palm to the best fielding errors, because experience is showing very plainly that it is the best fielding that wins in

no rong r	ulling and the state of the	
	Average of	Average of
Clubs.	fielding errors.	base hits.
hicago		11-17
lartford.	6-18	10-82
ouisville.	7—21	8-17
	7-38	9-25
Iutual	7-65	8-17
	10-08	7-50
	10-26	12—13
	12—21	8-67
		0-01

On June 20th the first of the series of games of the first Western tour of the Eastern nines was played, and the first week's play ended as

	follows:		
	Chicago ys. Mutual	4	2
	1 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16 16	16	4
ı	secount of Meell, The Recours of the Curpe	Deo:	2
١	Total	26	8
	St. Louis vs. Athletic	4	2
	Total	-	-
	Louisville vs. Hartford		
ı	(1)	0	3
ı	corner de " con " con " con de la control		
	Total	12	10
	Boston vs. Cincinnati		7
i	and "thin "good "Linguist. v. derre. P. 11		
	" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	8	7
	Total	30	19

It will be seen that out of the twelve games layed the Chicago and St. Louis clubs won three each; the Louisville and Hartford clubs are even in won games, though not in runs scored; and that the Boston club was the only one to win their series of all the four Eastern nines. The best played games of the twelve were the three at Louisville, their first match being marked by an exceptional score, no less than thirteen innings being played before the game ended, and then darkness stopped play,

leaving the contest a drawn match. THE NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP

Next in interest to the League pennant contests comes the series of matches for the New England championship, in which eight clubs are contestants. Some remarkable games have been played during the season by the New England nines, including the seventeen innings' game published in our last issue. The full record to June 18th is as follows:

Ch. Kiling

77	Clubs.	art'r Oak	Il River.	ng Philip	ve Oak	well	w Haven	Island	unton	пом вешя
s a r	Charter Oak Fall River King Philip Live Oak Lowell New Haven Rhode Island Taunton	0000	0 0 1 3 0 2 3	2000	020 0131	0004	0	1 2	4	10
-	Games lost	0	9	4	7	7	0	6	11	4
s out	Club. Won. Rhoda Island 10 Live Oak 9 Taunton 9 Fall River 7 Lowell 5 New Haven 3 King Philip 1 Charter Oak 0		6711970					1 2 1	6 0 6 2 3	in the second

FOR LADIES ONLY .- Things a married lady

cannot help thinking:

That she was a very pretty girl at sixteen. That she had, or would have had, a great many good offers.

That all her lady friends are five years older

than they say they are.
That she has a very fine mind. That if her husband had acted on her advice he would have been a richer man to-day.

That people think too much of the looks of

that Miss Blank, who would not be called hand-some if she didn't make herself up. That her mother-in-law is a very trying wo-That her girls are prottier than Mrs. Blank's

band spends his evenings when he stays out.

That her eldest son takes after him.

That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs. That Miss Scraggs set her cap for him, and

did all the courting.

That she would like to know where her mas-



Published every Monday morning at nine o'cloc

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid: \$1.00 3.00 5.00 One copy, four months -

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BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

In Mr. Badger's new romance of the

Far West. Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER.

soon to commence, the author will surprise his old friends and enchant the new by the nov elty, originality and sparkling freshness of this picture of life and character in the Territories. It is like all Mr. Badger's stories, delightfully real, with such scenes, incidents and persons as one who has been "thar" would say were nothing but the truth and the whole truth; while as a story it is literally alive with excitement, mystery and the interest of a strange train of events. Lovers of the best class of a purely American romance will give this most admirable work of a most admirable author the en thusiastic welcome of three cheers and a "tiger."

Buffalo Bill, we see it announced by telegraph, has left Fort Laramie. The expedition is under command of Major-General Carr, a gallant officer. It consists of eight full companies of the 5th U. S. Cavalry-a most admirable body of men. It takes forty days' rations and marches toward the Black Hills until Powder River trail is reached, and will then move north-west toward that river and cooperate with the forces under Gens. Crook and Terry. This movement is to prevent Northern Indians escaping by way of the agencies at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail from the combinations being made by Gens. Crook, Terry and Gibbon. The command is thoroughly equipped for field service, and will doubtless render a good account of itself. The scouts of the expedition under command of Buffalo Bill comprise some of the most noted "scalp-hunters" on the plains. The Sioux having "dug up the hatchet " will be only too glad to bury it before those forty days' rations are consumed, is our guess Referring to Buffalo Bill's personal charac-

ter a correspondent from St. Louis writes: "The story of 'Kansas King; or, the Red Right Hand,' in the Saturday Journal, is splendid, and the writer, Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—is a noble man and a true friend. He made one of his old school-mates a present of a fine suit of clothes—a cool fif-

Everybody but the red-skins themselves they have as little love for his border scouts as a snake has for fire.

Sunshine Papers. How Shall It Be Done?

NO. II.

How shall it be done? How shall women who must earn their own living be saved from gravitating to that level upon which thousands of working-girls-poorly-paid, ill-informed, tempted-drag out a frivolous, ambitionless existence? By conscientious teachers and parents resolving that no female child shall pass through the golden portals that open to admit her to her maidenhood without having had a careful education in some branch of labor, without passing through, to walk in some definite course that has been marked out in the

world of work for her.

It is not enough that your sons are taught. from their cradle days, that work is a man's lot in life. Your daughters must be taught that it is their lot as well. That in the great system of human economy there is a place for them; a work for them to do-that in this wast theater of life there may be no idlers; and only God and the angels may be looked on. Trust me, the sentiment will seem to them quite right and natural. No woman becomes a true wife and mother but her life is as crowded with labors and cares as is the husband's. It is no small matter that he wins the money—it is no small matter that, through a hundred various about the "miseries and hardships of the channels, she expends it in such manner as will best accrue to the well-being and elevation of the family. It is entirely reasonable, then, thing looks bright and cheerful; let it continu that until her soul finds its true sphere of wifehood and motherhood the powers that will be the little ones to speak these pieces as for us to called into play and endurance be spent in pre- listen to them, and when picnics are arranged

paratory usefulness.

It is the excess of absurdity to urge that in a rational way? women are unfitted for matrimony by being taught self-reliance and independence. The women are unfitted for matrimony by being taught self-reliance and independence. The more thoroughly cultured, and self-helpful, and delight in thrusting tracts into your faces as free from the consciousness of dependence a though they were as plenty as circus-bills and woman is, the better is she prepared to make a as attractive reading. I never noticed these happy marriage and become such a mother as tract-distributors at many picnics, so I pre our country needs to rear the children that sume their doleful visages and woebegone feamust uphold her institutions and her freedom tures are not a success. Many will tell you in the advancing years. It is equally absurd that they are suffering on account of the wick to affirm that your children will never need to edness of the world, when you are more inwork. There is not a child born in so lordly a clined to think they are suffering from dyspepposition that its parents can dare assert of fusia. They tell you they will feel much better conscious power to stand alone in the world—winning of it respect, and support, and life; while there are scores of families where it is an understood fact that the girls must "conscious power to stand alone in the world—enough to suggest that a comic paper and a pill would have a more salutary effect.

If we could but get rid of the state of your soul, while you are wild and heathenish enough to suggest that a comic paper and a pill would have a more salutary effect.

If we could but get rid of the state of your soul, while you are wild and heathenish enough to suggest that a comic paper and a pill would have a more salutary effect.

It matters not half as much what girls are educated to do, as that they are made masters—veritable artists—in that one avenue of laor-if it be but the work of the laundry, the kitchen, the scullery. Hundreds of girls attend school until they are fifteen or sixteen, and know what when they leave it? Hundreds of girls are taught to play the piano, but how many with very admirable results or any real knowledge of the study of music? Hundreds of girls have fine voices, but how many are out through a systematic course of culture that their voices may mean an honorable support to them? Hundreds of girls study French and German; how many of them become accomplished linguists, able to teach, write interpret and translate in these languages? Hundreds of girls can read one or two poems, taught at school, with elocutionary art; how many devote themselves to the science of speaking, reading, acting? Girls learn arithmetic and algebra, how many of them are fitted for firs lass clerks, cashiers, book-keepers, or even to turn their numerical learning to account in the actual matters of daily life? How many girls are taught to write for any particular purpose, or to draw, or to paint, or how many follow up their commencement in philosophy, botany or any natural science? How many girls are even taught, in these days, to cut, and fit, and sew neatly, by hand? How many are required to learn a trade?

Parents should see to it that their daughters minds are not crowded with a smattering of a great many things, but that they are instructed thoroughly, and with a practical result in view, in certain branches; that what they show most aptitude for they shall be made thoroughproficient in; and that they are taught, as the great secret of all true happiness and advancement, to eschew frivolity and vain rivalries and successes and aspire to win admiration, success, and love, as only due tributes to womaniness, intelligence, honor, and usefulness.

And when our little girls, in all classes of our society, are reared with these results in view; when their active little brains, and ambitious little hearts and eager little hands, are filled with sensible thoughts, and grand hopes, and actual work; when parents cease to de grade their daughters from childhood by letting them believe that there is nothing higher under Heaven for a woman to do than to think of finery, and outshining a rival, and looking pretty, and being silly, helpless, almost soulless dolls - that if thrown into the world become easy victims to sin and crime—then shall our orking girls be that part of our nation of which we may be most justly proud, and parents will have given their daughters the right to live a purer, truer womanhood—a right more divine than woman can ever have accorded her through any ruling of Congress.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

PICNIC PLACUES.

PICNICS would be some of the pleasantest entertainments a person could attend were it not for a certain number of plagues which almost always seem to be part and portion of them, intil they become most unbearable nuisances. and these nuisances mar any enjoyment we might otherwise have.

Take, for instance, the individual who al-ways pushes himself forward and is ever ready and too willing—to bore the assembled company with his speech-making. He begins in the old stereotyped form of, "I did not intend to make when he is very well aware of the fact that he did intend to do so or he wouldn't have practiced it before the glass all the pre-

Then he continues with, "I did not come prepared to entertain you," and we earnestly wish that he had come prepared, or, as he didn't come prepared, he would keep silent. He re-marks that he will detain us but a few minutes, but those few minutes lengthen out to half an hour, and our fans are held before our faces to hide the uncontrollable gape, our heads nod, and we grow so tired of listening to such a rigput the speaker under a rock and crush him. The little folks grow more tired than we older heads do, and I think it a species of torture to compel them to listen to what they cannot comprehend and yet have them make believe they can understand every word that is said.

Oh, some of these speakers are such bores! They will insist on making quotations, quoting passages wrongly and most inappropriate to their subject. They tell us what we knew before, and when they get through—a thing which seems almost impossible for them to do they are perfectly satisfied with themselves—so well satisfied, they cannot "refrain from stating how thankful they are in having been the means of adding to the entertainment of the company." They ought to know they haven't done anything of the kind, and we are thankful to them for only one thing, and that is that they have finished their "twaddle."

But, these speakers are not the only plagues there are those parents who imagine their children to be embryo Edwin Booths and Charlotte Cushmans, and put these children on a platform to speak their parroted speeches and show their good clothes. Now, I love children with all my heart, and any one who has been so unfortunate as to read any of my rambling ssays must know that I have always spoken a good word for them whenever I can, but to lear them speak pieces beyond their years and understanding is slow torture. What we gain by these attempts I am sure I could never conjecture. The parent's vanity is tickled and the children are so puffed up with conceit by being praised that their presence is quite an affliction, because they put on so many airs. Let children be children and speak pieces with in their comprehension, and not have them talk world "-they'll know enough of all that when they grow up. To their childish eyes everyto do so. It must be as much of a bore for for our amusements why not let us be amused

work" as soon as grown, who still neglect to help those girls to become any kind of efficient workers.

the world, and nothing could be more a source of innocent enjoyment, and the reason they are not more so now is because we are too willing den treasures of his heart?

to put up with the many disagreeables that infest them.

To be sure there are many other matters that are not pleasant, such as ruining one's dress by being caught in a shower, or having raspberry-jam spilled over it, but we never fret at such trifles because dresses are plenty, and it will give us a good excuse for calling on

"pa" or "hubby" for a new one.

But, for all the disagreeables, I presume peo ple will continue to attend picnics, and I can-not say as I blame them much, for there is much real enjoyment in them.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Address to a Class of Young Ladies. UNACCUSTOMED as I am to addressing young ladies, still it gives me more pleasure than I have money to express to be able to say a few

words to such admiring hearers to-day, and

this address which I come to pay I hope will not be rejected.

The great world spreads out before you, and in these halls of learning you are preparing for the future intellectual life, and it inspires me to see so many of you so completely absorbed in your preparations and studies for your future spheres that one piece of chewing-gum won't last half a day unless you slack up a lit-

It is with feelings bordering on the sublime that I notice the extraordinary progress you are making in grammar, which is the science of language, and you have reduced it to such a fine point that I see every one of you using a little of it in the shape of a whisper every ten minutes, with your next neighbor. There is nothing like a little practice to make you perfect in the art, you know.

My dear young ladies, true diligence will always meet its reward, and some day the crown of success will be placed on your brows, over which I see your hair is so emphatically banged

in the style of the period. You are at present making all the progress you can in figures, though I am sorry to see that you spoil them to a certain extent by pinning your dresses back so intellectually tight that you find it difficult to set your figures down in anything like arithmetic precision and cer tainty, and it would not take you long to take our slate and sit down and compute the possibility of a number five foot going into a number three shoe, without anything left over as a remainder; and any one of you can figure out just how many proposals a young lady ought to have before she accepts the last one; this you can easily do without chewing up more

than one meditative slate-pencil. The art of writing has been very successfully practiced here, as the postman informs me, judging from the large amount of letters which he collects here daily, and I am glad to see that so much of your time is given to this branch of knowledge. The blank leaves of your books, filled with penciled gems of poetry, evince the fact that you are full of sentiment, and it is very commendable, and the perfection of your judgments is shown in the selection of the colors which you wear as most fitting to your complexions, which should be a part of every

girl's education. The eagerness with which most of you read the last new novel, in search of knowledge of just how the favorite hero will eventually come out, shows that you are earnest in the pursuit of information, and speaks well for you; and I am informed by your instructress that, though some of the rules of algebra may be neglected, most of you study with all your might the rules of courtship, and can repeat every one without missing a line, while you can put them into practice.

Your geometrical studies have been studied with great and untiring diligence I can well see from the fact that you all are hopeful of figuring in the highest circles—you want to be without a parallel—the most perfect on the square; you desire your lines to fall in pleasant places, and are anxious for matrimonial chords in the problem of life, and are particularly desirous to work in large sums-of money. If three yards of lace cost fifteen dollars, can

ou tell me how much butter four yards will be for twenty-eight dollars?

The study of botany is very pleasant, and I am gratified to notice that you pursue it with great assiduity, even going so far as to make the artificial flowers on your neighbors' hats the object of critical dissection, and giving your candid views of the same in studied terms to private and select groups, especially whenever a new hat comes into the school fresh from the owery bowers of a millinery store.

I have heard the class in spelling to-day, and though a few letters may have been left out of a word, or a few extra ones put in, (and there are always letters to spare in the alphabet), still you came close enough to give a general idea of what the word was you were trying to spell. I was glad to see this. A good many old people can't spell at all, either good or bad, and I think it is far better to spell bad than not be

able to spell at all. The class in talking showed a great deal of proficiency in that peculiar branch of female accomplishments. Some of them went so fast that I couldn't keep up with them on horseback, and their talk seemed to be one solid word fifteen minutes long, and half an inch thin. A short-hand reporter could not have followed them, and a short-eared hearer wouldn't have been of any account. Although they talk in one tongue they seem to talk with a good many, as it were,

It did me a great deal of good to see the dexterity of the class in handkerchief flirtation, for they handled that useful and ornamental article with a great deal of meaning, so much so that I could not resist the temptation to return some answers with my own handkerchief, until I happened to observe that it had escaped several wash-days, and that most of the holes in it went clear through. The effect was irresistible, and that class will make their mark some of these days.

My dear girls, I sincerely hope that you will proceed on in the way in which you are bound to go, and when you leave these walls to go forth in life, you may receive diplomas as splendid young ladies, making model modern wives and fascinating widows.

You can now open your books at the flyleaves and go on with your studies.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WE sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than apart. If we could but get rid of some of these plagues a picnic would be the merriest thing in had better extinguish a boy's eyes than to take

Topics of the Time.

—Since the beginning of this year, the German Empire has a uniform currency, and the medley of pistoles, ducats, guilders, kreutzers, groschen, and the hundred other coins that formerly were such a vexation to travelers, have all disappeared from dreulation. If the world only would act sensibly, and, through a Congress of Nations, establish a common currency, how great would be the benefit. John Sherman's reent effort to assimilate our five-dollar piece to cent effort to assimilate our five-dollar piece to the English pound sterling—our "quarter" to the English shilling, etc., was a move toward such a common standard.

-Mrs. Livermore asserts that there are only —Mrs. Livermore asserts that there are only 3,000 "decent, respectable, loving husbands in the country." Mrs. L. probably knows one man who isn't a loving husband, and her figure, therefore, is an evidence of her liberality, as she doubtless judges all wives by her own experience. Query: we wonder how many of the women who haven't loving husbands have a realizing sense that they themselves are more than ing sense that they themselves are more that half to blame for the condition of things? It is nail to blame for the condition of things? It is so easy for reformers of the new dispensation school to sit and carp at a world which their own example, tastes and temper do very little indeed to make happy and good.

—Sleepless people, says a good medical authority, should pass as many hours in the sunight as possible. It is the best and most harm less narcotic. Many, however, when the days become long, prevent its access to the house by closing the shutters and blinds. Ladies, when they promenade the streets, wear vails or carry parasols to prevent its health-giving lights from shining upon their oftentimes wan and pale features. In order to receive the full benefit of the sun's potent influence, its rays should not be excluded from the house or its inmates.

—In Maine \$999,000 are invested in porgy "factories," which employ 1,234 men, 36 steamers, and 37 sailing vessels. Last year 712,000 barrels of fish were taken, and 1,800,000 gallons of oil and 22,000 tons of guano were made. Fourteen steamers were also added to the fleet, and 15,000 barrels of fish were sold for bait. What with lumber, ice, porgies and building granite, Maine has a good thing of it. She can afford to smile at her neighbors who toil and sweat to pay her for products that cost her no thing but the gathering. thing but the gathering.

The leap year law of 1660 is as follows: "Albeit, it is now become a part of the common lawe, in regard to social relaxations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the laydes have the sole privilege, during the time it ntinueth, of making love unto the men, which continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe, either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight and contumely." Girls, go in for the re-enactment of that law and thus restore one of the lost privileges.

-A railroad man, speaking of the adventures —A railroad man, speaking of the adventures of Dom Pedro, says the Pullman car he was compelled to leave at Albany, in exchange for a Wagner, on account of some alleged difficulty in taking the former over the track, was the same with which he started out, paying for it at the rate of \$85 per day. He also retained the same conductor, Mr. Hazelton, and, it is said, he became so much attached to his new-made friend that there was a probability of retaining his services for the tour in Europe. Dom Pedro's bill for the use of the car at the rate named was something like \$10,000 in addition to the regular fare, which he insists upon paying wherever he goes. which he insists upon paying wherever he goes.

—Washington gossip says that the biggest game of cards ever played in this country took place recently in that city. Two politicians of national reputation, a member of a great banking house in London and John Chamberlin, the wellknown turfman, sat down to a quiet seance at draw in one of our leading hotels. The play grew heavy as time passed, and the interest became so intense that the sitting lasted thirty-six hours, at the close of which Chamberlin was winner to the amount of \$140,000.

-There are 900 lunatics in the three State Lunatic Hospitals of New York. On the average each lunatic costs over \$6 a week. In the three similar institutions of Massachusetts, each lunaic costs less than \$4 a week; and in the Willard Asylum for the Insane in this State, the cost of maintaining each lunatic is but little more than \$3 a week. Dr. Earle of the Northampton Massachusetts Hospital says that not more than forty per cent. of the insane recover permanently even \$3 a week. when treated at the outset of their disease.

-The daughter who loves her father with an affection strong and deep will see her reward in a return of her love, twofold. In every overture she makes for his confidence she is met with smiles that are sweeter than words. In every sacrifice she voluntarily makes, for his sake, she finds that return which satisfied trust alone can bring. The daughter who is indifferent to a father's love by that indifference betrays a state of heart that will make no man happy. Men will read her instinctively, and will not seek her companionship, or her confidence: but they are panionship, or her confidence; but they are quick to detect the loveliness in her who loves her father before all other men, and bestows on im her sweetest looks, words and attentions. nim her sweetest looks, words and attentions. Such a daughter, they say, will make a doving, dutiful wife, and 'she is not long in finding the true lover. The good daughter denies the father nothing she can bestow that will make him happy. She sees her own happiness in his, and omits no opportunity for showing her power to make his home so sweet and satisfying that he has no desire to spend his time elsewhere. She has no desire to spend his time elsewhere. She has it in her to make or to mar the happy home.

-Hotel servants in Philadelphia are not getting the enormous fees from foreigners that they expected. A foreigner gives a shilling, franc or groschen where an American gives fifty cents or a dollar. Europeans "tip" more than we do, but their "tips" are smaller than the American "tip" by shout sixty per cent. This beying to "tip" by about sixty per cent. This having to fee a waiter is, at best, an imposition. In some hotels and restaurants servants actually pay for the privilege of serving—receiving enough by "tips" to make a good salary. Hotels whose servants expect tips should, as far as possible, be avoided.

-The hammer with which the murderer Piper killed Mary Tynam is carefully preserved in Bos-ton as "an illustration of the compact material inorganism which necessarily becomes an irreponsible agent in the transmission of life eliminating force on occasions when the mysteriously desirable condition of mental equipose departs, and a morbid idiosyncrasy induces the seemingly inexcusable perpetration of bloody deeds." Which shows how superior Boston is to the rest of the world. Even a hammer spattered with crains is but a theme on which to string wisdom. Happy Boston, to have both the hammer and the philosopher!

—That season has arrived when the thin man may rejoice in his tenuity. His fragile exility no longer suffers by contrast with the broad, fat man, who waddles and broils and broils and waddies through the tortuous summer, a burden to himself and an object of pity to all his less expansive fellow-beings. The person of physical insignificance, as the cooling zephyrs play through his skeleton, thanks his stars that he is as he is, and his serenity and contentment as he proceeds to his daily haunts are pleasing to behold. He pays out nuthing for the property. proceeds to his daily haunts are pleasing to be-hold. He pays out nothing for thermometers, and his laundry bills do not oppress him. His pipe-stem legs are joys to him, and his hatchet face looks clean and cool. Happy is the truly thin man in these day-, be the mercury ever so near the top and the shade-trees ever so far

-Mrs. Carnoyle, of Breekinridge county, Ky., has a child five years old whose body appears to be absolutely boneless. Although well developed in every particular, its limbs can be literally tied in a knot.

Readers and Contributors.

We must decline: "Haunted Mill"; "Coming In"; "The Laborer"; "Rivals in Love"; "A Hot Season"; "What She Won"; "The Commodore's Guest"; "When the Nights Grow Dim."

Accepted: "Why"; "Shadows of the Past"; 'Ashes of Roses"; "The Pen of Fire"; "A Wonan's Toast"; "Silver Speech"; "May Brannon"; 'The Signal"; "A Celebration for Two."

MS by Thos. P. M. comes with "9c. due" for underpaid postage. Why will authors so violate the postal law and so bother publishers: "Manuscript rates" do not permit the author to inclose a letter or note of any kind in the package. We hold the MS, subject to the amount due.

A. M. B. The "Union" printers in New York have come down to 50c. per 1,000 ems solid and 47 cents leavied; time work 33c. per hour. Work at these prices is hard to get. Stay where you are if you have even a fair "sit."

D. D. E. Long poems, unless exceedingly good, are not desired. Three or four eight-line stanzas are enough for all ordinary occasions.

HENRY C. B., Brooklyn. MS. "Reminiscence" is returned as not called for, though advertised May 20th.

ROBT. M. The poem "Coming In" is copied, we presume, from some printed source. It is beautiful enough to be reproduced, but we do not care to use copi-d matter.

C. N R. "Death Notch" may appear in the se-ies of Twenty-Cent Novels, but not the "Specter

OLLA. The Centennial Exposition has no season tickets of admission. You pay fifty cents for each daily visit. No half-price there or at the hotels. KATE N. Dou't learn a trade in opposition to the will of your guardian. If he does not favor your present ides, wait for something better to be sug-

MRS. P. N. E. If the gentleman is in earnest, we see no reason why you should decline his visits. People may talk, but if you are prudent no harm will come of such gossip.

CHARLEY NATHAN. Your employer is perfectly right. Your time is his. If you prefer base-ball to business, so inform your principal and give way for one who prefers business to base ball.

for one who prefers business to base ball.

ROST B. M. Elocution is taught in schools and by special professors. If by the latter, at so much per lesson—from \$1 to \$3. Theatrical "stars" receive salaries in proportion to the audience they can draw. The pay of "stock" actors, who constitute the vast majority of the profession, is very meager and employ very precarious. We would advise you to think of something else.

LITTLE MORE FUN. It is quite proper for discreet young ladies to travel alone. It would be a disgrace to our country were it otherwise. Of course, if your brother can go along, it will be all the more pleasant; but to stay ever at home for want of an "escort" is carrying the matter quite too far. The fare is the same by boat and cars. We prefer the boat as much the more agreeable.

JANIE H. A. writes: "I met a gentleman at the

JANIE H. A. writes: "I met a gentleman at the house of a friend, and afterward, and did not know him until too late to recognize him, although he knew me and probably thought my slight intentional. How shall I act now? Continue to ignore his acquaintance?" Next time you meet how to him pleasantly, and, if an opportunity offers, explain your conduct of the previous meeting.

JUNIOR PARTNER writes: "I am engaged to a young lady whom I love devotedly, and who—I know—is equally fond of me. Now. if I receive a note from a dear young lady friend, who is cognizant of my engagement, asking me to act as her escort to a concert, ought I to refuse or accept the invitation?" Accept, if the engagement interferes with no previous one, nor deprives your sweetheart of any time or attention upon which she has peculiar claim.

MINNIE REEVES, there is no disgrace in a young lady "earning her own pocket money," no matter how "well off" her father may be. We say to you, if you are capable to teach, that it is an exceeding-If you are capable to trach, that it is an exceeding-ip praiseworthy plan you propose. It will add to your enjoyment of your pleasures, if three hours of every day are conscientiously devoted to in-structing the little daughters of your friends; and their mammas will hold in no less respect the young ady who thus dares to make herself useful and in-

John P. L., New Rochelle, asks: "If I meet a lady friend when a gentleman who is an entire stranger to her is with me, and I stop to speak to her, should I introduce him? What do you consider a fair salary to marry upon? If I have a very dear lady friend, whom I have known for years, is there any harm in my giving her the same presents that I do my betrothed?" If the gentleman walking with you is one that you know to be worthy your lady friend's acquaintance, you may introduce him. If you are not much acquainted with him, you had better greet the lady but briefly and omit an introduction.—A fair salary to marry upon must depend upon the station yourself and sweetheart have occupied and your ideas of domestic happiness. If you are prepared to live economically you may start in life upon a thousand or twelve hundred a year.—There is no barm in your making presents to the lady in question, so long as they are in good taste and do not arouse the jealousy of your betrothed. Jewelry or very expensive gifts you should eschew. JOHN P. L., New Rochelle, asks: "If I meet a lady

should eschew.

Miss A. J. H. It is very easy in these days to do shopping by medium of letter. Many ladies buy nearly all their goods, even to buttons, trimmings, and threads, from such large New York houses as A. T. Stewart's, Jas. McCreery's, Arnold & Constable's Lord & Taylor's, without a single visit to town. Perhaps we can help you by a friend's experience. She wrote for samples of summer silk, and thirty six were sent her, each ticketed with its price. She made her selection and sent for samples of plain silk for trimming. She then ordered her two kinds of silk, linings, buttons and sewing silks, and had the package expressed, and found everything as satisfactory as if she had taken a trip to town, which would have cost considerable. In the same way she selects and orders cambrics, buys merinos by sending size and describing desired quality, gets gloves by sending sample of color, etc. These firms are very careful to please, and we think you will find the plan excellent and helpful.

and we think you will find the plan excellent and helpful.

GEO. W. Bell writes: "Can you tell me of any process by which flowers may be preserved so that they will look natural and last through a season?" You can dry certain flowers—such as Primulas, Forget me-nots, Pinks, Scabiosa, Honeysuckles, Sweet Peas, Pansies, and many others, as experimenting will teach you—so that they will be very perfect and "make up" charmingly in winter bouquets. Get some fine river sand and bake it perfectly dry. To twelve and one-half pounds of well-baked sand one ounce of stearin must be added in this manner: Scrape the stearin into fine shavings; put the sand ov—r the fire, in a large flat pan, and heat until a bit of the stearin will m-lt upon it. Then scatter two teaspoonfuls of scraped stearin upon it and -tir the whole thoroughly. When the first portion is well absorbed add another teaspoonful, and so on until the whole has b-en added. You must stir patiently and constantly, without removing the pan from the fire, until every grain has absorbed its share of stearin. Next take a box, say a cigar-box, and bore some holes in the bottom over which paste strong paper. Upon the bottom, through a fine sieve, sift a quart—r-inch-deep layer of sand. Have your flowers free from moisture, and lay as many as you can, carefully, upon the sand, filling spaces between large flowers with small ones; on this layer of flowers sift more sand, tapping the sides of the box gently, to get every space filled. Add alternate layers of flowers and sand until the box is full. The down the lid with stout ord, and place the box under a stove where there is constant heat, or in a warm place upon a baker's oven, for about four days. Take the paper from the holes at the bottom, and let the sand run slowly out. Put the box in a cool, moist cellar or ditch for a day, when you may remove your flowers.

Ceelle, Rome, writes: "I wish you would advise me how to act in a serious trouble. I am in love

ditch for a day, when you may remove your flowers.

CECILE, Rome, writes: "I wish you would advise me how to act in a serious trouble. I am in love with a young man, and engaged to him, who has seemed to me all that is good and lovable. Our marriage is already arranged for; but I have just found out that he does no work, save, perhaps, a week or se at a time, but depends entirely upon his father for support. And as we intended living at his hom, I suppose my support, also, will devolve upon my father-in-law. I cannot endure the idea of this, nor of the character of my lover, yet I love him and am as anxious as is he for our wedding-day to arrive. If he will promise to engage in some business, which his parents, as well as myself, greatly desire, do you think I might venture to allow our arrangem-nts to proceed?" Wa should rather advise you to delay your wedding for several months or a year, at least, and make the ratification of your engagement then depend upon the faithfulness with which he has devoted himself to some kind of work. He will then have a chance, and an incentive, for cultivating industrious and persevering habits. A lazy man is despicable; and no woman who respects hers-if, or expects to respect her husband, will tolerate a max who is too inefficient to expend his energies in earning the wherewithal to support her.

wherewithal to support her. Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

TIRED.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Let me lie down in the clover, Where the daisy-blossoms blow, And the yellow bee, like a lover, Sips sweets from their cheeks of snow.

Sips sweets from their oneess of an No prince in his royal palace
Has couches soft as mine,
And I have a lily-chalice
That the morning filled with wine. The brook is singing so softly
That I cannot catch its w rds,
But its song is as sweet and mellow
As the music of the birds.
A robin, perched in the willow,
Sings with a bobolink
A duet of sweet bird-music:
I listen, too idle to think.

What is the use of thinking?
It is better to dream and rest,
And forget all the things which we we,
Though dreams are but dreams at best.
In this sweet, still, balmy weather,
It is easy to quite forget
That life has its toil and trouble,
Its cloud and its worrisome fret.

Happy is he who remembers Naught of the busy strifc— Naught of the din and discord That jars on the chords of life. So let me lia in the clover,

And dreaming, I may forget

The Men of '76. COUNT PULASKI The Knight of Liberty,

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

PULASKI! What memories of heroic deeds and chivalric devotion to liberty gather around that noble name! How the American heart warms toward the land that gave Pulaski and Kosciusko birth!-now, alas! a nationality no

In the old Count Pulaski Poland found one of its first defenders against Russian aggress With his two sons, Francis and Casimir he started the "insurrection" which ended in his incarceration and death in a Russian dungeon, and the death, on the battle-field, of Fran eis; then Casimir continued the struggle until all Europe was filled with the fame of his deeds. He was outlawed, hunted and feared by the Russian-reverenced and sustained by the Polish people and peasantry whom he led in many a bloody wrestle with their detested en-emy, but the Poles were too weak and the allies too strong; the "insurrection" was crushed out, and Pulaski, stripped of his great estates, became a fugitive and exile.

Count Casimir, born in 1747, was just twen ty-one years of age when his father called his countrymen to arms, and was, therefore, but twenty-five years of age when the cause of Polish liberty was lost, and he was an outlawed Five years later he turns up in Paris, and after conferences with our Minister to France, old Ben Franklin, he started for America, armed with the following letter from Franklin to Washington:

"Count Pulaski, of Poland, an officer famous throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defense of the liberties of his country against the great invading powers of Russia, Austria and Prussia, will have the honor of delivering this into your hands. The Court here have encouraged and promoted his voyage, from an opinion that he may be highly useful in our service."

With such a recommendation the distinguished Polish "rebel" was given a warm welcome by equally distinguished American "rebels," and he joined Washington's army, in the summer of 1777, as a volunteer, to serve in any capacity where he could aid the cause which deeply enlisted his sympathies and patriotic zeal; but, having no knowledge of the English language, he, like Steuben, De Kalb, Lafayette, Kosciusko and Ducoudray, labored at great

A cavalryman by experience, he sought to ereate a cavalry corps, for whose command he was recommended by Washington, in a letter Brandywine. At that battle, having no command, he showed his soldierly qualities by taking Washington's body-guard and reconnoitering the enemy in a daring manner, and discov ering the enemy's design to cut off the Ameri ean line of retreat. This important intelligence Washington acted upon, at the same time authorizing Pulaski to gather all the detached troops to obstruct the enemy's advance. This he executed with signal success, and much to Washington's admiration Neither officers nor men could understand a word of his command, but they could quickly comprehend his gallant action and example; and when it became known that he was the celebrated Polish exile the stragglers "fell in" with alacrity, and out of that rather disordered retreat he brought a considerable body of men who fought steadily and had no thought of running away. Pulaski's bearing was so inspiriting that all the troops near him seemed to catch the fire of his spirit; the retreat before Howe's powerful olumns was steady and in order, for such as Lafayette, Wayne, Pulaski and Greene, were not running men.

Congress having finally decided upon the ereation of a cavalry corps, gave to the ardent Pole its command, with the rank of brigadier general. He found the difficulties numerous and discouraging. His troopers would no sooner be organized and qualified than they would be ordered off in detachments, on all kinds of service, so that, as a powerful body in well disciplined regiments, the cavalry really had no existence during the entire war. There were, late in the war, several legions horsemen, whose service under Marion, Lighthorse Harry Lee, Colonel Washington, etc., did splendid service, but of cavalry, such as European armies knew, we had none, during the struggle for independence.

Pulaski's horse did admirable service at Ger

mantown and in scouting around Philadelphia procuring supplies for the destitute army Valley Forge. It was then quartered at Trenton-an advance post which the Pole was most vigilant in guarding. But the service was so unsatisfactory to a man of Pulaski's capacity and temperament that, in the spring of 1778, he proposed to Congress, with Washing ton's approval, the organization of a separate corps of mixed horse and foot, to do special and dangerous duty. This idea Congress adopted, and he was authorized to raise and equip a body to be known as Pulaski's Legion, composed of sixty-eight horse and two hundred foot-s picked corps of which much was expected. This egion proving very efficient, was soon followed by others under the commanders already mentioned, fully confirming the count's military sagacity as to the best means of doing much service with a comparatively small body of men. That service, during the summer of 1778, was to watch the enemy. Dashing out from New York, the British greatly annoyed New Jersey, and often times succeeded in doing bloody work. General Gray's massacre of colonel Baylor's light-horse troop at Old Tap-commander had been left where he fell, a volvears of unquiet and misery.

pan [see sketch of Wayne] was soon followed by the descent of Ferguson on Little Egg Har-bor, New Jersey. Ascending the river he laid waste a whole village, burnt storehouses, salt works, prize ships brought in by the privaeers, etc. Pulaski's legion was quartered twelve miles above, to watch the advance of these marauders. A deserter from the legion bore word to Ferguson of the legion's location, strength, and particularly indicated the quar ters of the infantry as open for a night sur-prise. Ferguson was quick to act. A strong body rowed up the river that night, silently surrounded the three houses, bayoneted the guard and surprised the sleeping companies. Ere the men were well on their feet the bayonet and saber were doing their deadly work. "It being a night attack, little quarter, of course, could be given, so there were only five prisoners," was Ferguson's official report of his brutal massacre. Fifty of the infantry were butchered on the spot—among them two gal-lant Frenchmen, the Baron de Bose and Lieutenant de la Broderic. Pulaski, with his horsemen, quartered some distance away, soon came dashing down upon the horrible scene, when Ferguson's men, with reeking bayonets, ran hastily to the river and rowed away. These shocking sacrifices by Gray and Fer-

guson made the war-cry "no quarter to the British bloodhounds," but Washington and all his commanders never, for a moment, wavered in their humane conduct of the war; it was re-served to the British alone to murder like the red savage with whom they readily fraternized And, to show its appreciation of such "gal-lantry," as cutting down men in cold blood, while the cry for quarter was on their lips, the Government afterward bestowed upon General Gray a peerage. His record through the entire war was one ensanguined with the blood of men slain by the bayonet. May his memory

But, efficient and useful as the legion proved to be, under Pulaski's fine discipline and daring eadership, the sphere of action was so irregular, and the duties so illy suited to a man of his capacity, that the Count grew weary of the service, and in the fall of 1778 seriously contemplated a return to Europe; but Washington, in an appreciative letter, encouraged him to re nain, and dispatched the Legion to the South, in February, 1779, where there would be work nough for it, of a somewhat dignified and responsible character.

Pulaski reached Charleston only three days before it was summoned by General Prevost to surrender (May 11th.) The Count urged fight, sustaining the sturdy Moultrie fully, and when Prevost retreated to James island, the Pole was on his very heels.

But, campaigning in the Carolina lowlands oon put Pulaski on his back, with a fever, and ne was forced to idleness for many weeks. Even Carolinians born were not proof against the malaria and sun which render a summer in the South Carolina coast region enervating in the extreme.

In September the French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, appeared off Charleston, and communicating with General Lincoln, a combined land and sea attack on Savannah, then in Brit ish hands, was arranged. To Pulaski was given the work of advance observation. Proceeding to the field before Savannah, he reconnoitered very fully, to discover that Prevost was rapidly fortifying. He cut off one of Prevost's pickets and opened the way to the sea-shore, to communicate with D'Estaing, who arrived Sept. 6th (1778); but, great delays followed, and it was not until the 16th that the fleet had approached near enough to make the demand for

This delay, as Pulaski warned his command er (Lincoln), was fatal, for the British, by night and day, worked like beavers. Thirteen redoubts and fifteen batteries were completed and seventy-six cannon mounted before the de nand for surrender was made. To Prevost's request for twenty-four hours to consider the demand, D'Estaing assented. That was the most fatal mistake of all, for Prevost was then hourly expecting Col. Maitland, with eight hunulars from Beaufort That mi found their way in, piloted by negroes through the interior water-courses. This reinforcement enabled Prevost, the next day, to give French Admiral a defiant "No!" and that ne essitated a siege. Pulaski was very much chagrined at all this; a siege was not to his

The siege progressed with much hard artillery fighting, until Oct. 7th, when time became so urgent with the Admiral that he could not tarry there longer. So an assault was deter mined upon for the early morning of Oct. 9th much against Lincoln's wishes and judgment. The French landed all their troops and marine and the attack was made in two columns each led by their respective chiefs - the French on the right, and Americans on the left. penetrate the enemy's line on the left it was ecessary to overpower one of his most power ful works - the Spring Hill redoubt where Col Maitland had drawn all his force. Having been fully advised by a deserter of the whole Ameri can plan of attack, Prevost knew exactly where two thousand eight hundred and fifty regulars Tories, Indians and negroes to the best advan

To Pulaski was assigned the left, next beyond the Spring Hill battery, to pass between it and the battery nearest the river, while Col. Lau rens was to assail the Spring Hill work. All was not ready, however, at four o'clock, when the attack should have been made, so that when the movement commenced the enemy could see the whole line, and used their artillery with murderous effect. The French especially suffered, but with astonishing elan penetrated to the town only to be cut by cross-fire. The work on the left by the Americans was equally fierce and sanguinary. Col. Laurens' men actually mounted the parapet of the Spring Hill redoubt, and Lieutenants Bush and Hume planted the colors of the second South Carolina regiment on the works. Both of the brave felows were instantly shot down. Lieut. Gray sprung to the color staff to sustain it, when h 500 was shot mertally. Then came the heroic action of Sergeant Jasper. Seeing Gray fall he bounded to his side, seized the colors and held them aloft only to be shot, in his turn. It was an awful struggle there on that parapet. The dead lay upon it in a ghastly row. Some even pressed over into the work, to be sabered and shot by Maitland's steady regulars.

Pulaski pressed in on his front with alacrity Leading his legion straight up to the abattis, he was just in the act of leaping over, under a keen fire, when a cannon-ball struck him in the groin, and he fell. The corps pressed on to the fierce combat, but though the abattis was passed, and the way open to the town, on the extreme left, the failure to carry Spring Hill left the enemy in possession of the field. The recall was sounded. D'Estaing had already been borne away, badly shot, and sev-

eral of his finest officers slain. The various columns withdrew, still under

unteer squad returned through a cutting shower of musketry and cannon shot, and bore off the desperately wounded man, greatly to his satisfaction.

Out of four thousand nine hundred and fifty of the assailants the French lost seven hundred
—the Americans four hundred, in killed, wound-

D'Estaing kept up a show of siege until Oct. 18th, when he sailed away. Lincoln was then forced to abandon the enterprise wholly, and returned to Charleston.

Pulaski was taken aboard an American brig and tenderly cared for by the French surgeons, but, after three days' suffering, as the brig sail-ed out of Savannah he expired, and was buried from the deck, at sea. His body, that would have been sacredly enshrined under a monument worthy a hero of the purest and nobles type, was sepultured where no monument could mark the sacred spot. In Charleston solemn services were held in his honor, and very sin cere was the regret, over the soldier's death, expressed through all this country, as well as in Europe, where his deeds had made his name a household word.

Black Eyes and Blue;

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY ND CITY. BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TABLES TURNED. CONJECTURE ran riot in the little New Hampshire village for weeks after the disappearance of Florence Goldsborough. It was evident to the dullest comprehension that something very strange was transpiring in the history of the Goldsborough family. Not long after her daughter's flight the mother went to some relatives of hers at New York, for a long visit. This was followed by the announcement that the banker had concluded to change his place of residence and was advertising for some man, with money, to buy out his banking business in Lycurgus. Such a person was found; and, on the first of August, Mr. Ethan Goldsborough retired from the bank, with a snug little fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars, and leaving his residence in the hands of an agent, to dispose of at the first opportunity, he bade a feeling adieu to his minister, his brother deacons, and all his long list of friends and flatterers, who expressed their deep regret at the

oss of so excellent and substantial a citizen. Nor had the voice of gossip been entirely silent with regard to the great and sudden intimacy which had sprung up between the Vernons and the French lady at the hotel.

Lycurgus was haunted by summer-boarders during "the season," and Madame D'Eglantine was not the only stylish, wealthy lady stopoing at the Lycurgus House; but she was certainly the lion of the hotel and the village. A woman of such winning manners, great per-sonal beauty, absolutely correct taste in dress, possessed of such rare jewels and reported to be the owner of old estates in her native country half as large as a small province, would naturally make a sensation in almost any community. In Lycurgus her every movement was noted by a phalanx of curious

It was said that the grave lawyer, so long devoted to the memory of his young wife who had died so shortly after their marriage, was wildly in love with the charming madamher estates—and encouraged a friendship be-tween her and his pretty adopted daughter as an excuse for himself being often in her com-

Certain it was that after her second visit to Madame D'Eglantine-that visit during which the fetters which the yearning mother had placed on her own lips were unlocked, and her whole story, names excepted, poured in the and for hours each day, in the French lady society. Their affection for each other was apparent; yet, curiously enough, no one suspe ed the fact that Violet might have found her

Finally, on the sixth of August, the court at in an adjacent county-town; and it was from there the story came, breaking over Lycurgus, like thunder out of a clear sky.

The French lady was Ethan Goldsborough's first and true wife: Violet was their child: and the lady had now applied for papers of separaion which would allow him to do justice to the deceived woman who, for so many years, had regarded herself as his legal and only wife. All the details of the scandalous history, as they were revealed and proven in court, were seized upon and devoured by the hungry neighbors of the absconded banker. Well for him that he had taken himself away in time! So surely as e had dared public opinion by remaining, the fate of "old Floyd Oirson" would have been

"Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart." His poor daughter Florence was now pitied, and the motives of her flight better under

"Poor child! poor, sensitive, petted child! She could not bear to show her innocent face among those who would so soon learn her father's infamy! Ah, where had she fled, poor young thing? Pray Heaven to keep her in the ight path, and that her father's sins might not drive her into deeper sin!" was the general senor of the comments upon her case.

Lo! Mr. Vernon had good reason, with that complicity suit on his hands, to consult the beautiful stranger frequently; while the friendship between the two ladies was most fully explained! And so! Violet, the flower of the vilage, the favorite of young and old, was desfined to be a great lady and a great heiress And so! the good lawyer who had taken her. dripping, from Silver Creek, and brought her up as his own, was likely to receive a rich re ward from the gratitude of the mother! How interesting! And every light and shade, every possibility and impossibility of the affair, was lwelt upon with lingering relish. Meantime, the case went into court so fortified by proofs already prepared, that in three days the long had received the right to assume her own family name, under which she was already known. And Violet Vernon was Violet D' Eglantine, by special permission - for she would -and reluctant to desert the adopted father to whom she was far more tenderly bound than to her mother, had persuaded Madame D'Eglantine to become a visitor at Mr. Vernon's during the short period of her proposed further stay in the

Time fairly flew. To poor, weary, life-worn madam, his wings seemed made of thistledown, glittering whitely and silently in the blue air, leaving no sign, making no noise. She was resting, and heavenly happy, after

But the middle of September came all too soon; when the measure of the idyl must be changed. Her plans, as far as she had made any, were to spend the winter in New York, keeping Violet with her, and to return to France

Convinced of Mr. Vernon's strict integrityanwilling to separate him entirely from Violet -anxious to repay some of her money obligations to him, she had offered him the agency of her estates at a salary quadrupling his modest income as a village lawyer. The offer had not yet been accepted; Mr. Vernon was a "crea-ture of habit," and it was hard work to uproot his life from its native soil.

But the temptation was great in two ways; he knew that he should like the gain of a larger experience after the first effort was made; and his home could never again be really his home to him after the bright girl had deserted it who had so long been its sunshine. He saw and acknowledged that the retired village where she had hitherto grown like a wild blossom was no longer a suitable residence for a young lady with Violet's prospects. Destined queenship, she must learn to rule. The art of trailing the courtly robe and wearing the insignia of rank must be acquired. She was her mother's girl, now. If the thought gave him many a keen pang it gave him also many throb of proud delight. Violet would be a lady, lovely as the loveliest, proud and pure—stately, perhaps, as the years wore on—but always with a sweet charm of her own, like that of the moss in which the richest rose half-vails

its peerless beauty. The fifteenth of September, as we say, came all too quickly; the lawyer had not made up his mind; but when madam's baggage came down into the wide old hall, and among it one modest trunk with "V. V." painted on it, his loubts vanished in one sudden resolve.

"I shall join you in New York before the first of October," he said, when he came into the dinner-table. "That is settled!" Violet jumped out of her chair and ran around to give him a hug.

"Cannot you go with us to-morrow, papa?'
"Impossible. Two weeks will be little mough time to close up my affairs here. I must find a tenant for the house—the books must be boxed—including those at the office—"
"Oh, papa, what will become of Charlie?"

cried Violet, interrupting. "He will have to place himself in some other lawyer's office, I suppose. Poor Charlie! he's very blue about our desertion of him. I told him yesterday I was afraid I should yield to the temptation, and resign law in Lycurgus, with the brilliant prospect of a judgeship just

"Yet he has not been here for a week-Charlie has not," thought the beautiful girl, going back to her plate, slowly, with downcast eyes "Oh, how cold, how distant he has been, late-ly! Blue? Papa need not flatter himself it is on our account! I do not wonder that he is blue, since he has learned all that wickedness of Florence's father "—Violet never could, for a ngle moment, then or thereafter, think or feel that Ethan Goldsborough was her father. also! "Perhaps he has had bad news from Florence herself. If he is low-spirited it is about her—not about me!" and the blinding tears rushed into her eyes, as they had got into a foolish habit of doing

Very little dinner did Violet eat that day. Every mouthful was an effort. It was not only that Charlie had kept away so much, recently but this was the last day at home, and, fond as she was of her new-found mother, eager to taste the joys of the world, her heart clung to nome, and seemed breaking when she thought that she was leaving it forever.

As soon as the dinner was done with--they dined at two o'clock in that primitive villageshe told her mother, who usually indulged in siesta from three to four, that she was going out for a farewell stroll through her favorite

It was a glorious September day. The deep-blue sky fairly burned with intense luster. is region—frost, the night previous, had slyy loosened the forest leaves which it had painted, and, all day, like gorgeous, lazy butterflie those leaves of scarlet, purple and crimson had slowly floated and settled down.

Violet took a path through the fields back of the house, which brought her out, sooner than the village street would have done, to the banks of Silver Creek, a short distance below the bridge, and on the edge of the woods. Far off blue hills stood dimly against the more blue horizon: the stream, strewn with fallen leaves, sung dreamily, like a lady in love, to itself, between grassy banks, along one of which the path led on into the woods. The place was the frequent haunt of the villagers; not a shadow of fear, any more than as if she had been in her own garden, fell on Violet's mind, as she wandered along the well-known way, thinking of her brief past and her strange uture—a dreaming girl on the verge of w manhood, and the sweetest picture ever seen between sunlight and shadow as she finally sat erself in a grapevine swing not far from the ruins of the old mill, where she and her mother had once been so near to meeting their

As sweet a picture as painter, poet or lover ould ask to see! The fair, fair face, halfdrooped in reverie, the bright hair glistening and waving in the breeze, the slender, girlish figure, in its white dress, looking like a spirit's, so lightly poised in the swing—great bunches of purple grapes almost touching the golden head, and framing, with their green leaves and dark-red tendrils, the whole airy picture—the little, meekly-folded hands; the tiny, slippered feet-no wonder Charlie Ward, coming to the house five minutes too late and following in wift pursuit, paused long to look and love, adore and glorify.

But Charlie saw more than the girl's beauty add adorability; he saw the jewels flashing about the lily throat and on the little hands, placed there by a haughty mother, who had doubtless planned a splendid marriage, some day, for her beautiful daughter and heiress. For young Ward, in addition to his other doubts and troubles, saw, or fancied he saw, that Madame D'Eglantine despised him—

"A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown," and sought quietly, without giving the affair the stream, but found nothing. which she was resolved should never amount to anything serious. The mother discounted nanced him—the daughter doubted him! Char lie stood, his heart in his eyes, the shadow of his trouble darkening his frank face, nervously clutching his hat, which he had removed, the wayward woodland wind waving the light but a hollow, half-way expression of his feelings, or whether to risk all on one rash

burst of love's young eloquence. parted in a low, soft cry:

"Charlie! Charlie!"

He knew that she was unaware of his preence—unaware, indeed, that she had spoken aloud—but her voice told him all; that she loved him, reproached him, wondered at his

What did he care then for the mother's

haughty smile of patronage, for the ring burning so wickedly on his hand?

"Violet," he answered, to her inmost thought, and starting, the tear-brimmed eyes met his; soul spoke to soul; no need of words of explanation. He held out his hand, and Violet, slowly slipping from the swing, whose purple clusters had kissed her golden head, came coyly forward and gave him her own. He drew her to him, and for the first time their hearts each felt the throbbing of the other, while the happiest moment possible to any numan life—the first moment of knowing and feeling for the first time that we are beloved fled swiftly over them. Oh, rapturous moment!

A thrill ran through the quiet woodland, the leaves whispered, the stream laughed softly, a bird high up in a scarlet maple burst into a trill of exultation.

Presently Violet, with cheeks colored like carnations, and a little sweet, shy laugh to hide her confusion, drew away from the arms press-

ing her too tenderly.
"You will let me take Florence's ring from your finger now, Charlie?" and she made a play-

ful move to do so.

"That is the only thing you could have asked me which I would not do joyfully for you, Violet. Why did you think of that? There is a reason, which I am not at liberty to tell any one, why I must wear the ring until I see Florence. But it is not-Violet, I swear to you it is not because I have any interest in her, or that there ever was any understanding between

us. "You expect me to be satisfied with that, Charlie-and yet allow you to wear her ring and to have a secret about it?"

They were walking along the path now, toward the village. Violet was not suspicious by nature; but just in proportion to her love for the one by her side was her intense jealousy about the ring.

"I would like my Violet-if she is mine-to trust me!" said the lover, trying to take her hand as he spoke.

She folded her arms before her, looking at the path, not at him.
"If you cannot trust me in so little a matter, Violet, how can you confide your whole life and happiness to my keeping?"

"I have not promised to do that yet, Mr.

Ward," she answered.
"Violet!" he spoke, almost sternly, stopping

and standing before her so that she, too, was obliged to pause. "Do you love me?"

For a moment the soft, clear blue eyes were raised to his with a look he had never seen in

them before; her lips trembled; but when she

answered him her voice was steady and cold: "You have no right to ask me that question as long as you wear another girl's ring. And I will not reply to it as long as you do."
"Very well, Violet. Let the subject be dropped between us, then. If you have no

confidence in me, you can have no real love for me. I may as well bid you good-by here as You leave in the morning, I believe. Good-by, and—and—a pleasant winter to you, Miss D'Eglantine." The fiery pride which struggled with his love

could not quite prevent the choking of his voice over the last words.

The next instant, Violet, who, without look ing up, had just murmured, "Good-by," heard his step crackling over the underbrush, as he turned out of the path and struck into the woods without once looking back.

She remained rooted to the spot, believing that he could not really be gone. Yet she had driven him away. She had ended her own happiness—quarreled with Charlie!—and about

Ah, that dreadful ring! Was it not destined to be associated, in her family, with sorrow and The morning had been cool in that mountain- tragedy? Her mother had noticed the ring on Charlie's hand, some time a and had declared it to be an heirloom of the D'Eglantines, and the very ring which Ethan, in their mad flight, unprovided with another, had married her with, and afterward basely robbed her of. Yes, her mother had asked Charlie to restore her ring to her, and he had politely, but firmly, declined! Yet he expected, under these strange circumstances, that she would be content to see him wear it, and demand no explanation.

But indignation could not make Violet less miserable. She stood there, angry, suspicious, jealous, yet in love all the same, vaguely hoping and expecting that Charlie would eturn and make some sufficient apology, and they would be happy again.

Five minutes passed. She did hear a step approaching, and then, perverse as her sex is sure to be under such circumstances, she would not turn-she would not yield an inch! Then some one spoke to her, but it was not

A voice which she only half recognized said: "Will my daughter do me the first favor her father has ever asked of her-grant me a few minutes' interview?"

She wheeled about and stood face to face with—Mr. Goldsborough.

A strange, creeping chill of dislike ran

through her when she heard herself addressed as his daughter. Her first impulse was to scream and run, but she conquered it.

"Come!" said he, and he did look ill and "I am in trouble, and I want only to worn. talk with you a little while. I did not care to venture in sight of those who know me. It would make scandal and excitement for nothing. Walk along the path with me a little way, while I give you the message which i wish you to take from me to your mother.' Very reluctantly she turned and walked with

And Lyeurgus had another sensation that night. It was in a fair way to "sup full of horrors"—when the church-bells rung at nine o'clock that evening, and the news flew from mouth to mouth that Violet D'Eglantine had gone into the woods for a ramble and had not come out. All night the villagers, led by Charlie and Mr. Vernon—both of them nearly mad with anxiety—searched the grove, the pond;

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BELLE PETITE AND THE DRAGON.

THE little adventuress awakened early in the strange room in which Mr. Rhodes' houseke had put her to sleep. Fatigue had given her some hours of sound repose, but the light steps scarcely knowing whether to creep away without speaking the farewell which, at best, must had at least two hours for meditation before Mrs. Plimpton knocked at her door with word

that it was time to rise. n those two hours Florence Goldsborough While he hesitated, two pearly tears gathered and fell on the face before him, and her lips head, like her father, and something of his lack As yet she had never done anything really bad; she shrunk from wicked

things with the sensitiveness of a young person things with the sensitiveness of a young person reared in a strict and critical New England community; but she had little of that innate modesty which distinguishes many girls of her age; and none of that keen perception of the right which would prevent her from committing a thousand small deceptions and shams for the sale of exemplishing her wighes

the sake of accomplishing her wishes.

That she had plenty of energy and executive ability was proven by the success with which she had planned and carried out her flight from

Now, as she lay on her lace-ruffled pillow, her great, velvety eyes, soft as dark-purple violets after the dew of sleep, roving about the elegant chamber, drinking in, with a sense of luxurious delight, the details of its decoration and furniture, her busy mind ran over a thousand improbable plans for retaining the foothold she had secured in this house.

"I must stay here!" she said, over and over ani; "I will stay here! He said he had no wife. What a proud man he is!—not hand-some, but better than handsome—a perfect king! It's a revelation to poor, ignorant little I did not dream there were any such men! Yes, I am going to stay! I will stay!
"Mrs. Plimpton don't like me. She will

want to hurry me off-but I am not to go. Did not Josephine foresee that she was to be an empress when she was only a poor young girl? She believed in her destiny, and so do I in mine! I have been wronged—wickedly, cruelly wronged. A girl whom I hate has my name and my rights; but I will triumph over them all; I will; la belle petite is not to be put down! She will live, thrive, triumph -she will

La belle petite jumped softly out of bed and

stole to the mirror. "Providence has given me a gift which others cannot take away," she murmured, as she gazed at herself in the glass. "They may take my father, my name, my fortune—they cannot take my beauty! My beauty shall be to me what the sword of the warrior is to him—it shall conquer the world for me.

"Ah, yes, la belle petite, you are very beau-tiful—there's no denying that!" and she con-tinued to gaze at her image lovingly, caressing-ly. "'My face is my fortune, kind sir, she said.' No pale, expressionless blonde, like Vio-le', could be as attractive as I am. A man might look forever into my eyes and he could never see to the bottom of them. How lustrous and large they are this morning! And what a color I have! I wonder if this Mr. Rhodes forty years old. if he is a day!-ever saw eye lashes with such a curl to them as mine have Eight o'clock!" looking at her tiny gold watch, which she drew from under her pillow, "and no signs of life in this house yet. They keep luxurious hours here. Hark! there is my friend, the housekeeper, now—coming to call me up. Yes, ma'am, I'm awake, and quite well, thank you. I'll be dressed in a few mo-

I'll come for you in twenty minutes, Miss, said Mrs. Plimpton, on the other side of the door. "We will have our breakfast to-

"Oh!" breathed Florence to herself, more disappointed than she cared to acknowledge, "of course I am not to breakfast with his kingship. I seem to be regarded quite in the light of a beggar here. Suppose I should be dismissed, after the charity of the morning meal, and not see him again, at all? But I will see him!" added Miss Beauty, setting her little foot down, "I must fight my own battles—I must help myself.

"What a shame that I have no other dress to put on," she sighed, as she regarded with disfavor the drab-silk garment which lay across ${\bf a}$ Florence had obtained her disguises out of a chest of ancient costumes in the garret at "Lucky for me that I thought to put rose-colored ribbons in the pocket—they will go very well with the gray, after all."

She brushed out the purple-black hair into a thousand rippling tresses, pinned a little rose-colored bow in their midst; donned the Quaker dress-which fitted her trim little figure exactly, for she had once altered it to wear to a erade—placed another bow at the throat assumed her watch and chain; the costly pinkcoral earrings and necklace which had been her father's last gift, and which she had secreted in her bosom along with the most of her jewelry she ejaculated, almost satisfied

am sure I look as fresh as if I had not fainted at his door-step last night."

When Mrs. Plimpton came for the stranger

a lovely little lady, modest as a rose and self possessed as a princess, opened the door of her hamber and flashed out upon her, she was fair ly surprised out of her severe expression of

'Well, I declare, Miss, you do look revived,

she stammered. "Call me Miss Golden, please," said Florence, who had already decided to assume that name, as having the initial engraved on her ions, and as being a compromise with Yes, thank you, I am quite rethe truth. covered from my illness, thanks to your care, Mrs. Plimpton.

It's a shame to make you eat here." the housekeeper remarked, as she led the way down

to the servants' dining-room. "Oh, I don't mind it, ma'am—not for once, murmured Florence. "I am too grateful to have been sheltered here, and protected by a nice, motherly person, like you, Mrs. Plimp-

"Just so. It seemed to me more properer you should eat with me than alone with master. It wouldn't be just the thing, you see, Miss. He'll have his coffee about nine o'clock, in the breakfast-room overhead.'

Florence was burning to ask a hundred ques tions about "the master;' but she was too wise to betray her curiosity about him. She felt, by instinct, that the moment she showed the dragon—as, in her mind, she had already dub-bed Mrs. Plimpton—her interest in Mr. Rhodes she would excite her suspicions and shut off all further communications

So she demurely ate her eggs and toast, and sipped her coffee, saying nothing at all but "ah," and "oh," and "indeed;" yet before the meal was concluded she had learned that Mr. Redmond Rhodes owned the house in which he lived-was very rich-was in no business-led a retired life -did not care for ladies' society -was a highly-esteemed, solid citizen—and expected to leave New York, on the evening boat, for a few weeks' sojourn at Newport and other seaside resorts!

"Checkmated at the very beginning of the game!" thought little Florence.

"And now, my dear young lady, what do you propose to do?" asked the dragon, when they had finished and were lingering over the table.

Florence cast a sweet, innocent, appealing look out of her long-fringed eyes at the woman sitting grimly regarding her—clasped her pretty hands together, and said, sadly

"Ah, Mrs. Plimpton, you advise me. know so little of the world!" "If you have a home the very best thing you pity me. can do is to return to it," was the decided an-

"But—supposing I cannot go home? And from no fault of my own?"

"Do you know how to do any kind of work?" snapped the housekeeper, looking at the soft little hands and the pink-coral jewelry.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Plimpton. I am an only daughter—at least, I—I a ways thought I was, until lately, and that's what makes the trouble, you see—but I can't and I won't explain it,'
—rather incoherently—"and the greatest pet,
Mrs. Plimpton! Oh, I am spoiled, I know!—a
poor, petted, vain, spoiled darling—good f r
nothing practical. My father is a rich man not rich like Mr. Rhodes—but a respectable banker. He did something wrong; I could not bear the disgrace; I ran away. I will never—never—never go back—not if I die. I cannot work; but I have money to pay my board for a long time. Mrs. Plimpton I have just thought of something!"
"What is it, Miss?"

"If Mr. Rhodes is really going away this afternoon, why cannot I remain here with you until his return, or just before his return? I need not see him again at all—I can stay in my room all day. You might ask his permission. If he is so good and kind as he appeared last night he will make no objections. I will take one of the plainest rooms; and my meals with you; and reward you handsomely for all the trouble I am to you. I shall feel so safe with you—you can pass me off as your niece from the country, if you see fit. Then, probably, before Mr. Rhodes comes back you can place

me with some acquaintance of yours—or—"
"Let us hope, before that, you will be among your own friends," interrupted Mrs. Plimpton. "I see no objections to keeping you, provided the master is willing. It'll be mighty lonesome for a young thing like you-nobody but

me an' two servants."
"I shall be lonely wherever I am," was the answer, while the dark eyes filled and the lit-tle mouth quivered. "All I ask is to be under the care of a respectable, Christian woman. I got so frightened yesterday; I did not know, until then, what it is for a girl to be alone. And, Mrs. Plimpton, remember! I am a lady —and must be treated as one. I shall prefer to take my meals with you; but the servants must understand that I do it from choice."

"Oh, certainly, Miss; any one could tell at a glance you was a lady. You shall have your own room, an' the others shall treat you as if you was master's sister, as far as that goes. But, first, we must get his consent to your

staying at all."
"I know that, dear Mrs. Plimpton. now I will go to my room and remain there until Mr. Rhodes has breakfasted, and you tell me my fate. Is that the material for a cap, in your sewing-basket?—then, let me take it with me, and make it up for you. I will not spoil it; and I shall be so restless, with nothing to

She carried the basket off with her. Fate must have smiled on her maneuvers, for just before she came opposite a certain door on the first landing, on her way to the third floor, it opened, and Mr. Rhodes looked out on some er-

rand of his own.

Notwithstanding his vivid recollection of the cene of the previous night, a flash of surprise and pleasure went over his sedate face as he saw the bright, pretty, blushing, shrinking lit tle creature, who gave him a timid bow and hurried on as if anxious to escape his inquiring eyes. Why, what a marvelously-graceful little exceedingly pretty!

"It is well for her I saved her from the station-house!" he thought, "But, what fol-

He was pondering the question when he went down to breakfast. He ate his meal like one half-asleep. Hardly had he passed into the library, afterward, when Mrs. Plimpton knocked and wanted to know if she could speak to

him.
"Really," he said, when she had laid the stranger's proposition before him, "I feel quite relieved. I was wondering what we would do with her. We cannot avoid all responsibility in cases of this kind, however much we may wish to. If you, Mrs. Plimpton, are willing to assume the trouble of her I see no further

She won't be any trouble to speak of, sir. And thank you, sir.

Perhaps I had better have a short "Stay. Perhaps I had better have a short talk with the young lady. She will have hard work to deceive me. If I decide that she is no mpostor you may keep her in the house with

"It'll be very embarrassing for her to mee you, sir," said the wise dragon. rather not, I know; for she told me so."

"If she has a clear conscience she ought not to dread any one," said Mr. Redmond Rhodes. If she shrinks from me it makes it the more

imperative I should see her."
"That's only her modesty, as a young girl, Very well; when shall I bring her to you,

'As soon as I have finished the morning paper; say in half an hour." At the appointed time the housekeeper appeared with the fair adventuress. Mr. Rhodes

arose from his chair, bowing courteously, and handed his visitor one by the table at which he had been staying; Mrs. Plimpton at a look from him retired. He retained the morning paper which he held in his hand, and, looking narply into the velvety eyes that were timid ly raised to his face, he said:

'Miss Goldsborough, if I am not mistaken?" Florence sprung from her chair, turning pale

and red and pale again. He smiled, and handed her the paper, pointing out a paragraph among the personals

"\$500 Reward, for any information as to the whereabouts of my daughter Florence, aged sixteen, small of stature, dark eyes and hair, who left name on the night of the secont of June, and is supposed to have gone to New York. Address "Ethan Goldsbordough Banker, "Lycurgus, New Hampshire."

"See! how easily I can earn five hundred dollars this morning! I have but to lock you in your room and step around to the telegraph office," and he half-smiled.

"But you will not do it!" said the little girl, in a low voice, coming nearer to him, and fixing on him the full power of those splendid, winning eyes. "You will not do it, Mr. Rhodes

"Why not?" "A gentleman like you will not care for the ward—not take it. You have no right to inreward—not take it. form on me, sir. It is true that I am not yet of age—a child, in the eyes of the law, subject to my parents—but I am not a child, really. have judgment beyond my years; my father has forfeited all claims on my respect or obedience; I made up my mind to leave home on good grounds—ah, Mr. Rhodes, have mercy on -have a little confidence in me, as one able to judge for herself what she ought to do! You never had a sister, I am sure, or you would

She allowed two tears to brighten in her to tell me who put you here. But I can save me, Aree."

swer. "You are too young—too good-looking—though I don't want to flatter you—to be wandering about like a lamb in a den o' lions." splendid eyes and gather slowly on the long-curved lashes, where they glittered for a moment, like diamonds, before they fell. Then, with a pretty, imperious action she dashed them from her peachy cheeks with her lac handkerchief, and smiled at him coaxingly, like

a child begging for sweets. "Tear out that advertisement, Mr. Rhodes please; for if Mrs. Plimpton should see it I'm afraid the five hundred dollars would outweigh her friendship for me, Then I am not to telegraph to your fa-

"Oh, thank you, sir! You are an angel of

Well, certainly, it was pleasant to have it in his power to please and gratify this little creature. How her beautiful eyes kindled, and the scarlet threads came out in her dark, clear cheeks, and her whole expressive little figure and vivid, splendid little face breathed the gratitude and relief she felt!

'I hope I shall have no reason to regret yielding to your wishes—that you will be very prudent and careful, Miss Goldsborough. This is a censorious world; it will be easy for you to incur its frown."

"I shall not go out or come in—speak, smile, move—except as Mrs. Plimpton advises me. I'm quite certain, sir, the watch of the dragon will be sufficiently strict! Indeed, after the lesson of yesterday, I'm horribly afraid of everybody, Mr. Rhodes. All I want is to hide myself. And, speaking of hiding—of course the detectives will be looking for me now, in hopes of the reward. Don't you think this house, sir, is the very safest refuge for me in the whole city?"
"I do," was the answer, after some reflect

ti n-"that is, provided you remain inside of it, denying yourself all promenades."
"I will not put my foot out of doors for a

month, Mr. Rhodes. "You will be quite a prisoner this June wea-er. I am sorry for you. I give you the freedom of the house -the library, music-room,

picture gallery, and so forth." "Ten thousand thanks. May I trouble you

to tell Mrs. Plimpton so?—you see, I do not wish her to think I presume." "I will give her my orders on the subject. She shall treat you well. And now, good-morning, Miss—Goldsborough. I have some matters to attend to. Ah, Harold! how the deuce did you get in?—I did not hear you knock," and in spite of a self-possession called by acquaintances absolutely unassailable, a slight flush of embarrassment and chagrin rose in the face of Mr. Redmond Rhodes, as a dashing, foppish, brilliant-looking gentleman of about thirty entered the library unannounced, and looked keenly from its master to the lovely little lady who blushed and fled from the room not without throwing back a girlish, sparkling glance at the new-comer

'James admitted me by the usual means. Redmond. But I must beg twenty pardons for walking in here without warning. You see, never suspected -I did not know-you of all Ha! ha! ha! But I do not blame you. I shall never forget those eyes!—melted dia-monds—night and fire—how they flashed!" "You'll oblige me to explain," said Rhodes,

(To be continued-commenced in No. 330)

THE DEATH OF THE VIOLET.

Oh, gentle sunbeam! in that quiet time When I lay still in the expectant earth, I felt thy touch, and bit by bit mylife Unfolded in the glow of thy soft smile; An1 when the spring was clothed in fresh green, I trembled, and sprung out to meet thy kiss. Oh, cruel sunbeam! I can bear no more The glory of thy light; for I fade fast, And thou dost scorch me with thy fircer heat. The roses kiss thee now, and gaudier flowers Bask in thy lavished gold. Farewell, farewell! Only my sighs remain, and their perfume Shall tell of my past sweetness; while my tears, Gistening at night when thou art gone, shall help Some fairer flowers to bloom and gladden thee.

OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Extarminator: THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII. MOMENTS OF EXCITEMENT,

A TERROR that almost st lled his heart, seized pon Idaho Tom. His eyes dilated, and his ps grew ashy white. Had he been free to act, he would have feared no living man nor crea-ture. It was the realization of his helpless condition that almost stupefied his sensibilities His brain seemed set in a dizzy whirl, in which a hundred ogerish forms and menacing dangers passed to and fro-horrible visions of a wild. wakeful dream.

Suddenly a deep sound like the bay of a dog broke upon his ears like the sullen boom of thunder. It aroused him from the condition into which he had been thrown by the first sense of fear he had ever known He gazed wildly around him like one started

from sleep. The animal had turned its side toward him.

Tom saw that it was a huge Newfoundland The clatter of hoofs break suddenly upon the

young ranger's ears. A horseman in hood and cloak is seen approaching swiftly out of the north. Close by the dog he draws rein, and then in

a tone low, excited and decidedly feminine, he -addressing the dog: "What is it, Major? What is it, good dog?

"Bow-wow-wow," answered the dog, then he scampered toward Tom. Tom's heart gave a great bound; he recognized the voice of the speaker. It was that of the lovely Aree, the Maid of the Mountains –

the daughter of the robber-lieutenant. She rode up and gazed down with distended eves upon the human head lying in the grass. The red light that now pervaded the night, showed her the white, handsome face of Idaho

Tom, whose speechless silence seemed born of

Her first thought was that the head was there alone, and with a low moan of agony she leaped to the ground, and dropping upon her knees by the ghastly face, stooped and kissed not been instrumental in making you unhappy, the silent lips with a passionate fervor. But at for I am unworthy the regards of—" the same instant she started back with a crimson flush mounting to her lovely face. She felt the warmth of life in Tom's lips-she felt them move-Tom lived.

'Aree, I am not quite dead," the unfortunate man said, in a weak, labored tone.

"Oh, Tom! Mr. Taylor, forgive my imperti nent haste, for I believed you dead," she said, recovering her mental composure. are in the 'prairie stock,' and it needs no words

you-here is the spade with which your living grave was dug.

"Aree, you have surely been sent an especial agent of mercy to me—a guardian angel. Twice before have you delivered me from danger. In ten minutes more the prairie fire

would have been licking my face. Aree took up the spade, threw back her hood and cloak and went bravely to work shoveling the earth from about Tom's form.

She was possessed of remarkable physical strength for one of her delicate form, and wielded the spade with no little skill. In a few minutes she had sufficient dirt removed to enable her to liberate Tom's arms and hands; but owing to the long and painful confinement of these members, the young ranger found them still rendered helpless by cramp. But soon the circulation of the blood was restored and the use of his limbs regained, when without further difficulty he succeeded in effecting his escape from what he had looked upon, for a while, as a living grave.

So rapidly had the adventures and perils of the night crowded upon the young mountain-eer that it seemed impossible that he should have any hope and strength left. But no sooner was he free again than all his activity of mind and body revived. He took Aree's hand and kissed it, and then in the most fervent words thanked her for the many noble acts of mercy she had bestowed upon him since he had ventured in the Black Hills.

She replied that it was a pleasure to serve him—that she had followed him and her own friends from the hills for that purpose, though she had not expected to find him there, and ex-

pressed a deep surprise over the fact.

In answer to her inquiry, Tom told her why he had left his friends upon the river bottom, and when he spoke of Christie; his meeting with her; and the sacrifice he had made that she might escape, he saw the maiden's dark eyes flash wildly, her lips curl slightly, and her beautiful, imperious face assume an expression strongly indicative of bitter disappointment

and sore apprehension.

Tom regretted that he had spoken as he did of Christie for he suddenly remembered that Kit had said Aree loved him -Tom-with all her heart. He saw that the old man's words were substantiated by the emotions that his words engendered in the breast of the girl. She had been such an angel of mercy to him that he would have done nothing in the world to injure her feelings, or wound the love that he now felt certain had actuated her in all her kindness toward him. As he had seen the beams of love in Christie's face a few minutes before, he could now see all the same in Aree's, rendered wild and passionate by the doubt and uncertainty of her emotions being recip-

Tom really felt that he had escaped from one difficulty into another. He still had not only his enemies to deal with, but the wild love of a brave and desperate girl, in whose breast he knew, by her flashing black eyes, there slumbered a spirit that would brook no rivalry, no contempt, no false pretense.

Tom could not put her aside ruthlessly, for all that was beautiful, kind and generous in wo-man appealed directly to his gallantry and manhood, but just how to get around Aree's love without offending her, was a matter that now troubled him. He was under lasting obligations to her for her deeds of kindness; he admired her beauty; her courage, and her womanly modesty; but he did not love her he could not love. And yet, she stood there before him, refusing to withdraw her little hand from his, her eyes beaming with the soul of affection, her heart throbbing wildly and aching for one word that would allay the hunger of her starving, famishing love.

The near approach of the devouring flames, however, furnished Tom a good pretext for diverting the mind of the lovely maiden from the power that held her speechless and trans-

"Aree," he said, glancing uneasily toward the fire, "we must not tarry here longer. The flames are approaching us rapidly. Moreover,

my enemies might see me free again, and—" said, calmly; "my words have a power among ders by an especial decree of their own, that is as binding on them as the oath that admits them to the brotherhood of mountain men. So no harm shall come to you from that source while you are with me. But of the fire—let us hurry away." But there is danger

Together they walked away, Tom leading her pony and the dog walking close behind. They made their way south, then got in behind the range of the prairie-fire, where, assured of their safety, for the time being, Tom stopped and listened for some sound by which he might judge of the fate of his friends. But all was silent as the grave, save the roar and crackle of the fire and the occasional scream of a bird

driven from its grassy roost. Aree sat down upon a long, white stone rising a foot or more above the earth. Tom sat down by her side.

"Well," he said, with some dejection, "I feel like a lost sheep driven from the flock by wolves." Aree laughed softly

"I know not whether my friends are living or dead," he continued. "I have neither horse nor weapon, and am without guide or com-You are not without a friend, I assure

you," Aree said. "Iam aware of that, Aree; and it is a kind, lovely, and fearless friend-one from whom] regret having to part; but I must soon be mov

ing. Every moment is of great importance to "When will we meet again, Tom?—ever?" "I hope so, Aree, though I sincerely hope it will be under different circumstances than those under which we have heretofore met." Tears moistened the eyes of the maiden, and her lips trembled with the words of love

woman's modesty prevented her from utter-Tom was fully cognizant of her feelings, and his own heart ached to see and know that he was the cause of her sadness and heart-troubles.

But what could he do?" 'Tom," she finally said, her feelings breaking beyond the barriers of self-restraint. wish I could go with you, I am so tired of this life among the hills. If I had never known better, then I could have no reason for complaint; but I have."

Aree, I hope my coming into the hills has

"Do not say that, Tom," she interrupted; "you know you are worthy the love of a rob-ber's daughter. It is I who have scarcely dared to hope that my . . might be reciprocated.

"You are jesting Aree," Tom said, in hopes of gradually dismissing the subject. "I speak the solemn truth, Tom, when I say love you, immodest and unwomanly as you may leem the avowal."

"After we have parted, you will soon forget

"No, I will never forget you, Tom; and oh! do not turn from me without giving me one word to cheer me on my way back to my

mountain home. "Aree, my feelings for you must always be of the most pure and exalted character. I shall

ever hold you in grateful remembrance for your kindness. 'Tom, is that all you can ever be to me?"

"Is not that enough?" "Then you love another," she said, bitterly. Tom was silent:

Aree's heart fluttered wildly. The dog at their feet started up with alarm, The clatter of hoofs broke suddenly upon their

ed in sight on the plain.
"They are the men that put me into that pit!" said Tom, excitedly; "I must flee for my life, Aree."

Three mounted men with a led horse appear

"Stay! fear not," she answered, laying her hand upon his arm; "they dare not harm you if I bid them not."

The three men soon came up from their fruitless attempt to capture Christie, having the rangers' pack-horse still in their possession. As they drew rein before Idaho Tom and his fair companion, a cry of surprise burst from

their lips.
"Oh-ho!" one of them exclaimed, "there is the Princess Aree, as I am born, and she has oncaged our young bird, true as thar's a-

Villains!-inhuman wretches!" cried the girl, her eyes flashing with a fire of indignation, "do not attempt to offer this man harm, or I will shoot you down like a pack of dogs!" She drew a silver-mounted revolver and cocked it. The outlaws knew her—they knew she would not hesitate a moment to execute her threat, and they feared her as they loved her. Aree was the pet and idol of the band, and held a greater power, in one sense of the word, over the men than Prairie Paul himself. There was not one in the band who would not. like the gallant knights of old, have risked his life for the beautiful Aree to gain her love and smiles. Her mandates were imperative, nor were they obeyed with any spirit of timid servility and humiliation, for their devotion to her was the better nature of rude and wicked

men paying homage at the shrine of woman's "It is just as our fairy queen says," said the spokesman of the trio; "her words are law; yet it is a shame to let the murderer of our

friends go unpunished.' "You provoked your friends' death," answered Aree, "therefore I bid you restore to this man everything you robbed him of."

"So be it," replied the robbers, though there was a look af significance that passed between them that escaped Aree's notice. They returned Tom's pistols, his sheath-knife, gold watch, trumpet and silver spurs.

"There, that's all, I b'lieve," said one of the "No, it is not," replied Tom; "you still re-

tain an article of great value to me."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed an outlaw, with affected surprise; "it's the picter; but I want Miss Aree to see it fust. Just look at it, Princess, and if you don't say it's the face of an angel, why, then I'll give up.

Aree took the picture and looked at the face. It was a pretty, young face-the face of Christie Dorne.

Aree's face grew white and red by turns. and snapping the picture-case together with a nervous start, she turned, and handing it to Tom, asked, with a tinge of bitterness in her

"All that a lovely woman could possibly be." With an imperative wave of the hand, Aree ordered the three outlaws away, she retaining the pack-animal for Tom. When they were beyond hearing, she again turned to her companion and said:

"Tom, I suppose, then, I have saved your life for another, yet you are virtually in my power. Were I Prairie Paul and you a woman, do you suppose I would let you go unharmed? No; I would make you my wife is the difference between man and woman with the mountain men -none dare disobey my or- the same physical power. For long weeks has Prairie Paul been plotting and planning for the capture of a young girl of Mennovale settle He loves her, and if he once gets her into his power, he will make her his wife wheloves or hates him. That is outlaw life and love among the men, but not so with the women. A woman's love is all tenderness and devotion, a man's, selfishness and passion I shall now go back to my mountain home with my bleeding heart, but feeling no ill-will toward you, Tom, nor envy of her whom you love. But no longer will I have the courage, the strength and motive, save through a Chris tian duty, to follow you, to watch over and protect you from the vengeance of Prairie Paul and his followers. Here we must part, no doubt forever; and may Heaven guide and protect you henceforth, Tom!"

Tears stood in her eyes and her lips trembled yet her face wore a look of imperious fortitude and composure. Tom sympathized with her from the very depths of his heart. He knew how she must be suffering, for he knew how his own boy's heart had been wrung, to what seemed the utmost of human endurance that memorable morning that he turned his back upon Lake Tahoe for the last time.

He lifted her little hand to his lips and kissed it, then he assisted her to mount her pony and bade her farewell.

She turned and rode northward, while Tom, ounting the pack-animal, rode away in the opposite direction—she disappearing in the gloom of the distance—he emerging from the twilight shadows into the glow of the prairie

The thoughts of each were never busier-never more painful: she was thinking of blasted hopes and trying to still her aching, throbbing heart; while he was thinking of both the mountain fairy and Christie Dorne, and suffering all the pangs of the severest persecution his heart and manhood had ever sustained.

In the midst of his mental turmoil, his horse suddenly pricked up its ears and sniffed the air with alarm He glanced back over his shoulder, and to

his surprise and horror, beheld the three outlaws in whose power he had been so recently in swift pursuit of him. What did it mean?-had Aree's love turned

to hatred and vengeance and sent those slaves of her will in pursuit of him? These were the questions that now the mind of the young ranger, but he had no time to lose in speculation over them, for the

robbers were close behind, and a wall of prairie fire outstretched before. But without bending his course in the least, he bore straight ahead toward the fire, and the next moment was lost from view of his pursuers in the red. roaring flame and blinding smoke.

CHAPTER XXIX. To return to those whom we left surroundthe rush of a tornado through the forest.

But to Dakota Dan, Kit Bandy and the young rangers the sight and sound were nothing new. Only the presence of the moving figures, just visible in the red glare of the fire, out upon the plain, gave them uneasiness; for they had the choice of but two avenues of escape: to ride through the fire, or the enemies' lines. Neither was inviting, nor offered advantage over the other.

vantage over the other.

"Boys," said Dakota Dan, "we've got to hussel out and meet the foe or fire. My suggestion, howsumever, is to fire the grass right here and let it drive the inemy before it, as their fire 'll drive us."

"That's very good advice, ole man," assented Kit Bandy; "but, then, I don't see why it should make great dit'rence to you if ye rid through the fire. You ort to be gittin' a little used to it, Dan'l; then it won't go so hard with you when you make yer grand entry below. But then that is the dingdest, dangdest ole roarer of a fire I ever clapped my ontice onto."

"Shail we fire the grass, Dan?" asked Darcy

Cooper.

"Yas," replied Dan, "let it blizzer."

They at once fired the grass in a score of places, then mounting their horses held themselves in readiness for any emergency. Kit Bandy was furnished with the only odd horse in the band. The fire last started was soon under headway, and, when it had burned over a few rods, the rangers rode in upon its trail and followed it up close as the heat would per-

They were now surrounded entirely by the walls of fire, but while one side was approaching the other was receding. All within the circle was light as noonday, though each face and form looked weird and gray in the sickly, garish light. All beyond the fire was black as oblivion.

To the surprise and fear of our friends, however, they soon discovered that the wall of flame behind them served as a partial wind-screen to that before. The result was that the former gained rapidly upon the latter, endangering the rangers' situation. They had entertained hopes of being far enough in on the trail of their own fire, to be out of danger before the other came up close enough to reach them; for, of course, the rear fire could only advance to where the other started.

Pressing as close, however, as the heat would permit, to the advance wall, they watched closely for a chance to dash through. The wind surged up; the flames, like great dragon tongues, swept down after them, reach-

dragon tongues, swept down after them, reaching out parallel with the earth's surface more than a hundred feet—hissing and crackling as though possessed of a devilish spite, and eager to sting the besieged to death with their fireenvenomed shafts.

The clothing of the rangers began to smoke, and their flesh to smart with the terrible heat. Breathing became difficult, and the smoke, sailing over, blinded and bewildered them Their horses began to rear and plunge with affright. The awful sounds of suffocating men and animals rose from out the midst of the flame. Death seemed inevitable; but at the last moment the flame behind the rangers was extinguished as suddenly as though the hand of God had swept it from existence. It had reached the trail of the other fire and died out.

A strong gust of wind carried the last of the smoke and heat over our friends, who were already reeling in their saddles. But now the cool, fresh air revived them. In a moment they were themselves again.

century, that dies afore they're fifty. I'll never, never forgit the time that poor lititle Maggie Sailor died down at Black Bill's Guleh," and Kit's voice grew deep with emotion. "She could sing like an angel, and

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed old Kit between fits of coughing and sneezing, "if that wer'n't—atchew!—a leetle the strongest scent I ever—atchew!—had of the brimstone regions. Confound the confounded, con—atchew!"

"Away, boys! away!" suddenly shouted old Dan; "the varmints are comin' round the circle. Into it, Patience, old gal! Let's strike further sizes here."

The enemy had massed nearly the whole of their forces on the south side, not anticipating this maneuver of the rangers; and when the latter turned northward they found but a few warriors scattered along the plain to oppose their flight. A few random shots were exchanged, but without any visible effect on either side.

Our friends bore directly toward the river whose shore they soon reached. They found the bank nearly ten feet high—the current strong and swift. But there was no other avenue of e-cape open to them, and, speaking a word to his mare, Dakota Dan and his noble beast shot from the bank into the river with a thunderous plash. Both horse and rider sunk from view under the waves, but soon appeared again and struck out for the opposite shore.

I told 'em I wanted to see Maggie, and they took me into the room whar she war laid out in a rough pine box. And it was then, boys, that I thought I'd a glimpse into heaven. I felt queer—as though I wan floatin' in the air; I wanted to bawl right out. Only the rude box told me that I warn't look in' afar off through a winder of heaven upon an angel. Poor little thing!" and the rough ors' house. I told 'em I wanted to see Maggie, and they took me into the room whar she war laid out in a rough pine box. And it was then, boys, that I thought I'd a glimpse into heaven. I felt queer—as though I wanted to see Maggie, and they took me into the room whar she war laid out in a rough pine box. And it was then, boys, that I thought I'd a glimpse into heaven. I felt queer—as though I wanted to see Maggie, and they took me into the room whar she war laid out in a rough pine box. And it was then, boys, that I thought I'd a glimpse into heaven. I felt queer—as though I wanted to bawl right out.

one after another the rangers followed his example, and soon the river was lashed into a foam by plunging horses. All effected a safe landing on the opposite shore where the bank was low and firm, and, besides the river, they had put several rods between themselves and the enemy, ere the latter had reached the

"Safe! Safe! by all that's good!" exclaimed old Dan, as they rode into the gloom beyond the radius of light

"Yes, and wet, wet, by all that's bad!" returned Kit Bandy, with an air of disgust. "Confound this kentry, it's the dingdest, dangdest place I was ever in. Right out of one trouble into another—no sooner war we out of the devii's own fire than we war right into the Styx itself; and now here we go, feelin' wetter and glummier than a duck tan-

gled in an alligator's maw."

"Friend Kit," said Dan, gravely, "you alers look on the dark side of everything; yet lamentations are longer'n the moral 'aw. Now, here's the Triangle, that's me, Humility, my dorg thar, and Patience, my mare here, what takes the bitter with the sweet. We've grown old on the peraro, extarminatin' redskins, killin' b'ars and buffolo, and never find fault if we git the wu'st of a bargain. No, sir; meekness, humility and patience are the

component parts of the Triangle."

"Great horn of Joshua! I'd like to know what I've been doin' all these fifty-odd years," replied Kit. "Why, man, I'll bet I kin show a record fuller of crooks, ups and downs, roughs and tumbles, than any man that ever hopped on creation or dodged a broomstick in

the hands of an exasperated feminine woman Dan'l, war you ever married? Did you ever taste the sweets of domestic conjugality?" "Wa—al, no; I don't remember as I

did."

"Lord, man! you'd not 'a' forgot it if you had. I've been thar, Dan'l, I've been thar; and the little differences atwixt me and my ducksy, Sabina Ann, war indellibly impressed on my mind with a skillet, rollin'-pin, tater-smasher, or whatever war handiest to her paws at the time her angelic temper took a summersault."

Satisfied they were now beyond danger of pursuing enemies, the rangers took a lively interest in the collectua of the two old bordermen. As they had not expected to meet with Idaho Tom again during the night, they entertained no uneasiness regarding his fate; although they knew he was exposed to dan-

Dakota Dan took the lead, gradually bending their course northward in hopes of finding the camp of Major Loomis. He was satisfied that the major's party must be off in that direction, unless it had fallen a prey to the ruthless vandals who had been constantly scouring the plain for the last three days and nights

After two hours' hard riding, the party struck a little clump of pine brushwood in which they halted with the intention of encamping there for the night. By means of matches, that had ecaped being rendered useless by the plunge into the river, a fire was lighted. The rangers had no fears of its light publishing abroad their location; for they were surrounded by high bluffs, and overshadowed by a clump of scrubby pines. Under this friendly arbor, before a roaring fire, the party disposed themselves in various positions, all engaged in the duty of drying their clothes and putting their weapons in a condition for immediate use.

The horses had been picketed near to crop the grass, which, under the sheltering pines, had, so far, escaped the autumn frosts. The guards were posted at various points around the camp, although Dan would have felt perfectly secure in trusting the safety of their bivouac to the keen instinct of his dog, Humility.

Kit Bandy's tongue ran incessantly, and between him and Dan, the rangers' spirits were revived by continual outbursts of merri-

"Dinged if this ar'n't the wu'st night I ever experienced since I quit housekeepin'," Kit remarked, as he changed his position in order to dry the other side of his smoking garments; "the time ole Sabina rolled me into the crick sowed up in a blanket war a real lively affair, but then thar warn't so cussed much reality in it, as thar war in this; for then it was warm weather, and to nightly conservable hill."

weather, and to night's somewhat chilly."
"I thought different than at one time when
the file war about to bounce us," said Dakota

Dan.

"That war a frisky time, Dan'l; but, old man, you don't know anything 'bout hot fires. You'd ort to 'a' married in order to have seen fire—real, hissin', hot fire. Many's the time that I've had a tea-kittle of b'ilin' water poured down my back by that old hashint of a Sabina; and haydoogins of times hev I, Christofer Bandy, had a shovel full of hot coals and ashes dabbed into my mouth. Horn of Joshua! then you'd ort to 'a' see'd me spit fire and vomit hot ashes like a walkin Vasuvius—and that old Sabe was the cause of it all."

"I'm afeared, Kit Bandy," said Dan, "that you do the memory of yer dead wife injustice"

"Dead!" exclaimed Kit, in apparent aston ishment; "dead, did ye say, old man? Oh, ho! ho! ho! Why, man, that woman's livin' well as ever she war in her life; and the last time I hear of her she war bein' courted by a youth of twenty down in San Joaquin. Dead! you must be crazy, man. A California wo man of the old type never dies-never, Dan'l. It's yer little frail things, born within the last century, that dies afore they're fifty. I'll tion. "She could sing like an angel, many's the time she'd been heard prayin' in ecret—act'ly prayin' for the Lord to bless the wicked, hard hearted miners. We old hard-ened sinners used to alers feel freer and purer arter we'd even looked on that gal. a power in the gulch, I tell ve. All the gold thar couldn't 'a' had the influence over the men that that very Maggie Sailor had. one day she sickened and died; and then, boys thar war sadness in that gulch. Men that never knowed what grief was broke right down and blubbered like school-boys. Benson came to me and says he, 'Kit, Mag gie's gone!' 'Gone where?' axed I. neaven,' says he; 'she's dead!' I never felt so awful in my life. I thought I war goin' to choke. I loosened my collar and rubbed the nist off my eyes. I left the mine and wen home, and fixed up, and went up to the Sail-ors' house. I told 'em I wanted to see Maggie, and they took me into the room whar she war laid out in a rough pine box. And it war then, boys, that I thought I'd a glimpse in-I felt queer—as though floatin' in the air: I wanted to bawl right out. in' afar off through a winder of heaven upon an angel. Poor little thing!" and the rough old borderman brushed the mist from his eyes 'she laid thar with her lily lands folded across her pulsele s breast; her big, soft b own eyes closed; her white teeth just showing through her lips, and her golden hair curling and nestlin' so fond-like around her marble-

white brow.

"One by one the miners came stealin' shyly up to the Sailor cabin to git a look at the faded flower. Men that hadn't washed their faces, nor shaved for years, come thar, clean and orderly, with a tremor on their lips. And it was really amusin', though sad, to see ome of 'em—great, big fellers that was never known to conceal a pistol nor a wicked thought—come up thar with a tiny little posy, or a sprig of evergreen hid somewhar about 'em, and when they thought no one war looking, they'd tuck it into her hair or fasten it on her coffia. The next day came the funeral, and every man in the gulch followed poor Maggie to her grave, and as we looked on her face for the last time, a great sob burst from every breast. Mebby, boys, you think I'm jokin', but it's a serious fact."

The rangers did not dispute him. The mist in his eyes and the tremor in his voice, not only verified his words, but proved that he had a heart, rough as the exterior man was, susceptible of the tenderest of human passions.

A few minutes of silence followed the conclusion of his story; then each of the rangers wrapped his blanket around him, and laid down to rest, his mind seriously impressed by Kit's words, which were spoken with a pathos that appealed directly to the better nature of

ach.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

THE ETERNAL MELODY.

BY JOHN GOSSIP

"Sing me one song—one sweet heart-song— That endeth n. ver!" And then her eyes—my carling's eyes— Were closed forever!

* * * * * *

Love, do you hear—ah! do you hear—
Across the River?
I sing the song I sung so long:
"I love thee ever!"

The Cross of Carlyon

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.
WHAT THE DIARY TOLD.

It would, probably, be a dull recital, to give the reader, verbatim, the contents of the darkleather diary which held the secret life of, and an explanation of the mysteries connected with, the first Christabel Carlyon of Lochwood.

For the sake of brevity, we detail this chapter explanatory in our own way.

Christabel Carlyon was born at Chichester, England—the child of a London banker. Her mother died in child-birth, and, at the age of two years, the little one was given under the guardianship of a widow whose name was Forney. This widow was, at the time, housekeeper for the lawyer of Carlyon, and the name of this lawyer was Preston Arly.

The fact, however, that widow Forney was housekeeper for Arly was carefully concealed, for certain evil purposes. He supplied her bountifully with funds, covered her obscurity, and brought her prominently under the notice of Edouard Carlyon shortly before the latter's death.

Having then no living relative to whom could be intrusted the precious care of his child, Edouard Carlyon was easily persuaded to bestow the charge upon the widow Forney, who, candidly, was both a comely and engaging woman, and cheerfully prepared to accept the important guardianship.

Father and mother both out of the way, and the child, the heir, in the keeping of a woman who would obey his merest hint, Preston Arly speculated upon a little piece of vengeance about to be enacted as a panacea for an old sore which eat in his breast, occasioned by the fact that an offer of marriage from him had been summarily rejected, some years previous, by the mother of the child whose destiny he now held in a network of devilish power.

In cverhauling papers for the adjustment of the estate—whick task, by the will, devolved upon him—Preston Arly came across a ponderous document of considerable interest, though he gave it merely a passing glance, being exclusively searching for what related to money and property.

and property.

This document was a record, showing that the Carlyons, throughout many generations, had married among themselves in such a way as to preserve their name without a cross of blood. The list embraced most of the learned professions, beginning, however, with the foundation of wedlock, and subsequent line of distinguished family, between a hard-working mechanic and a factory-girl—a singular genealogy, withal. Among its items was a paragraph, in the handwiting of a male member, dated two generations back. This member, it would appear, resided in America, owning an estate which he had named Lochwood.

The Carlyons were then growing few, and the writer of the article being childless, and fearing the utter dying out of a lineage so proudly held to, entered on the tablets a curse, a fearful curse of woe, to fall upon whomso-ever of the female sex, bearing the name of Carlyon, should dare to marry outside the race of that name.

of that name.

This member, before his demise, and after forwarding the volume to Edouard Carlyon, closed and deserted Lochwood, having inscribed on the walls of his bedroom these words:

"A shadow of woe will fall when a cross of the blood enters this mansion!"

After arranging the affairs of Edouard Carlyon—out of which he pocketed and pilfered money and land without scruple—Preston Arly removed the widow Forney to a c zy little cottage in the country, weaving around it all the luxury, comfort and floral beauties that wealth could procure.

He seemed devoted to the child, fondling, caressing and playing the very monkey, to amuse

The little Christabel was a marvel of prettiness, and, as she grew in years, Preston Arly—jealously watchful in every particular—exulted in the prospect of her splendid woman-

hood.

The years passed slowly, but sure; and as sure was the plot, nourished in a craven heart, which Preston Arly entertained from the first.

At last, the time came. Christabel arrived

which Preston Arly entertained from the first. At last the time came. Christabel arrived at an age when her charms fairly dazzled the scheming rascal and hastened his plans, lest she should see too much and learn too fast of the world around her.

Then it was that Albert Arly, son of the lawyer—a young man more vicious than his father; gambler, libertine, wayward fellow, over whom there was no mortal control—was brought to the cottage and introduced to

After the introduction he visited there frequently, holding many pleasant conversations with the young girl whose loveliness had en-

raptured him.

They walked among the flowers, in sunshine and moonlight; they had many gay drives over the rose-bordered road. He plainly betrayed the fascination that encompassed him, and with a smooth tongue that imbued Christabel with rare, sweet fancies—telling her so much that was new, wonderful, enchanting—it was quite natural that she should soon feel a fondness for

his company.

Preston Arly watched the progress of affairs at the cottage, like a wee-eyed rat at its hole in a cheese closet. He and the widow Forney exchanged knowing winks, and the scheming lawyer rubbed his skinny hands together gleefully.

It did not require any encouragement from Arly senior, to push Albert in a resolve to wed the beautiful girl who had thus, unfortunately for her, been reserved for him.

Next came the proposal of marriage, and Christabel—already loving him, though scarce able to interpret the influences which drew her toward him—readily accepted.

The wedding was quiet. None were present beside the officiating minister, Preston Arly and the widow Forney. And Albert Arly became possessor of the most angelic girl with whom it had ever been his luck to meet.

But it was not as Christabel Carlyon that she gave her heart and hand to a man whose debased nature and multiplicity of vices had been so concealed from her by the two plotters.

All through those years of seclusion, from infancy, she knew but one name: that of Forney. She believed herself to be the child of the widow, and in signing the certificate, wrote her name "Christabel Forney."

her name "Christabel Forney."

Preston Arly had so cleverly arranged the effects of Edouard Carlyon—by means of a false will, appointing himself executor, etc., that no special inquiry was made after the heir, though she was known to exist. The lawyer's professional reputation was of high d gree, and his doings were passed without question.

For a few months after the wedding, Christabel was fairly bewildered with the happy changes that crowded upon this particular page of her life. Hidden away as she had been, it was no wonder that what she saw and mingled with contained its marvels as well as enjoyments.

Albert Arly engaged professors, and shortly beheld in his wife, under their instruction, a woman as perfect and beautiful in manners and conversation, as she was faultlessly glorious in face and figure.

Preston Arly was elated and amply satisfied with his successful scheming. He felt himself, now, in possession of the great wealth of the husband of the woman whom he hated, even in her grave, for having rejected him as a suitor for her hand. But there was an additional opportunity in store, wherein his wicked heart

for her hand. But there was an additional opportunity in store, wherein his wicked heart could devise further jubilance.

Albert Arly and Christabel spent a very happy honeymoon. For a while, he seemed enrapt with his wife, and she, day by day, grew fonder of and more devoted to him.

Then a change, terminating in utter desolation—and in this wise:

He was frequently away from her at nights: sometimes a whole week elapsed without her seeing him. His ardor appeared to abate; he was even snappish when chided for his long, inexplicable absences. Like most men of base passions, he soon wearied of the new idol, and neglected her in a manner that wrung her bo-

Albert Arly was even more vile than his ras

cal of a father supposed.

At that date there existed a secret and particular order of ruffians—when has there not?—in the vast human wilderness of London, whose depredations were committed so adroitly that they completely defied the lynx-eyed emissaries of the law. That they were governed by a brain more fertile and deeply calculating than generally belongs to such men, was evident in the systematic boldness and invariable success

of their law-breaking enterprises.

The existence of the gang had been known and widely felt for some time, but the shrewdest in the secret service of the municipal authorities failed to trace out and bring to punishment any of its members.

One of their acts was the robbery of the very bank of which Edouard Carlyon was president, and in which Preston Arly, of late years, had become a heavy depositor, liberally speculating with the wealth of his dead dupe. On the occasion referred to, a member of the lawless depredators was, at last, captured.

Under certain promises of leniency this rogue was persuaded to make divulgences which set the detectives on the track of their leader, who was more familiarly known to his asso-

ciates as "The Howk."

Albert Arly and his wife were alone in their parlor, one sunny afternoon, when the door was flung open without ceremony, and a powerful man, upon whom was displayed the insignia of his office, confronted Arly with the words:

"You are found at last, sir! Albert Arly, 'Hawk,' leader of the most vile pest gang of London, you are my prisoner!"

London, you are my prisoner!"

The unfortunate officer never spoke again.

Quick as a flash, Arly shot him down. Pausing to thrust the weapon into his wife's hands

—the action betelling a sudden and hellishly conceived idea by which to escape punishment for the bloody deed—he leaped from the low window to the ground below and was gone.

window to the ground below and was gone.

The officer must have had assistance close by, for in the next instant following the report of the pistol several men came crowding in.

They found Christabel standing, like one pet-

They found Christabel standing, like one petrified, over the dead body of the officer, and in her hand the weapon which had killed him.
"Madam," said one, sternly, "I arrest you for murder!"

for murder!"

Murder! She had done nothing. She stared aghast as the terrible words rung in her ears, and was about to protest her innocence—but then she thought of Albert. She could not betray him; her great love for the man sealed her lips. Not a word or sign escaped her, as they led her away to prison, that could have betrayed or even cast suspicion on the wretch

who had jeopardized her.

In her dismal cell, without a friend, utterly forsaken and hardly realizing the dread terrors of her situation, her child was born.

It was there that she first met Meggy Merle, one of the prison attendants, who waited upon the poor unfortunate with sixerly tenderness. Meggy took the babe and cared for it. When Christabel was able to attend court,

When Christabel was able to attend court, the judgment of the law doomed her to be hanged. She made no protest, neither did she employ regular counsel. In her abject wretchedness she was not herself.

Many of those assembled in the crowded

Many of those assembled in the crowded court-room sympathized deeply with the prisoner, and many shook their heads in doubt when the judgment was known.

It did not seem possible that one so truly

heavenly of face could be guilty of a heinous crime, the penalty for which was to be death upon the gallows. The hanging of a woman, too, was revolting in the minds of lawyers and associate judges present.

She made no appeal. There it rested: doomed to the gallows!

The law had seen fit to adjudge her not alone as a murderess, but, also, as an accessory to other murders mysteriously perpetrated by, and promptly credited to, the gang of which her husband was now well known to have been a leader.

Law assumes much and unmerciful error at times.

Albert Arly had disappeared, as if from the

face of the earth.

Perhaps Christabel entertained a faint hope that her husband would endeavor to save her, in some way, from the pending doom. Instead, she received a voluminous letter from Preston Arly. It bore no signature, but she knew its author by the contents.

The letter set forth all that we have so far written in this chapter, pertaining to Christabel. It was then that she learned who she really was, her rights, the great wrong that had been done her for the sake of vengeance upon a mother long since at rest in her grave. All the absolute villainy of the man who had pretended such kindness and solicitude, was shown in the scraggy letter. He seemed to derive a placeting is indiving his corn devilled acts.

leasure in inditing his own devilish acts.
"In the family record," concluded this ras-

cally lawyer, "is a curse of woe, set down for any Carlyon of the female sex who shall cross the blood. You are the Cross of Carlyon, and the curse, I think, has been promptly visited upon you. Your father's true will—if it will do you any good to know it—is in the possession of a shriveled hag who was once chased from England on suspicion of being a witch. She was nicknamed the 'Lizard,' because of her slender frame, eely ways and sharp, ugly, physiognomy. This hag has made her home in the vaults of the mansion of Lochwood, on the Harford road, near Baltimore, in the United States, and now," abruptly concluded the heartless epistle, "I wish you a swift and smooth journey to the realms of celestial glory!"

Immediately after reading this galling communication, Christabel, possessed of a peculiar idea, dispatched Meggy for some India ink. Meggy procured the article, and at the prisoner's request she pricked upon the arm of Christabel's babe the device of a cross dripping with blood.

"The cross of Carlyon," murmured Christabel, viewing the aptly executed work of the nurse. "When I am gone, and she is old enough to understand, explain its mystery, Meggy, but never let her know her father's name.

For she had made a confidante of the nurse, and showed her the lawyer's letter.

"It's a shame and a sin!" vowed Meggy.
"You ought to live, just to confound the wick-

ed scoundrel."

And from the moment she vented the words, Meggy Merle began to plan for the preservation of the life of the woman in whose history and person she took a sudden and decided interest. In a measure she was afterward unsuccessful, though she could not avert the enact-

ment of the execution.

We pass over the scene at the gallows as something too sickening to describe.

Meggy Merle, by dint of perseverance and indomitable courage, succeeded in obtaining possession of the body, when it was cut down. Her last hope for the life of the beautiful woman was now at its test.

What she accomplished may be conjectured when, six months later, with the babe in her arms, she took passage for America, leaving Christabel, alive and beautiful as ever, in Lon-

Disguised beyond any possibility of recognition, and supplied with funds which consisted of the hard earnings of Meggy Merle, during the twenty years' attendance at prison, Christabel quietly and surely went about the work of ascertaining all that would be requisite to establish her child in those rights which Preston Arly had wrested from the orphan heir of Edouard Carlyon. For, in view of the revelations contained in the letter she received on the day preceding her execution, she had made a will in favor of her infant, whose existence Preston Arly did not dream of.

She was even on intimate terms with the lawyer, through various pretenses, for a number of months, without his penetrating her dis-

Eight years of diligent labor obtained for her about all the information that was of value, relating to the estate of her father and the villainy of Preston Arly. She then followed the course of Meggy Merle, as previously agreed upon between them, and soon arrived in America. She knew well where to find the nurse, as they had corresponded regularly.

After much trouble, Christabel obtained possession of Lochwood and other estate in the vicinity of Baltimore.

At the close of the diary, embracing these events and minor occurrences at Lochwood, was a supplement in the writing of Jerome Harrison. The supplement was what we gave the reader as a prologue to this story. The two diaries, as it were, formed the connecting link to the complete history, which our Christabel, the second Lady of Lochwood, had only to continue from the date of Jerome's assassination, to form a family chronicle of love, crime,

retribution and sorrow.

Christabel and Rosalie did not remain long at Lochwood. The estate was sold, and, at the same time, all else that was included in the

American portion of the Carlyon wealth.

Armed with indubitable proofs of her identity—weapons judiciously provided by Jerome even before leading her to the presence of the minister—Christabel started for England, to claim whatever might be left of the wealth of her grandfather, after its abuse by Preston Arly

Arly.
And on the billowy ocean—whose cold, barren vast reflected the loneliness of her widowed heart—we part with Christabel. To Rosalie, also, we say adieu, as the two, heart in heart, hand in hand, sought the scene of a mother's trials and a father's perfidy.

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MY COW BELLE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She is a pretty milkmaid, The very cream of girls,
Her hair all switched about her face,
And jumbled up in eurls.
She is perhaps a little pail,
But I remember well
The smile upon the tender browse
Of my divine cow belle.

Indeed, it is past all belief
The way she trips her toe,
She has a very kine-'ly voice,
Yes, it is always 'so!'
Her fodder is a wealthy man,
As you'd discover well;
And so in endless clover lives
My pretty sweat oow helle My pretty, sweet cow belle.

When first I saw my milkmaid,
I felt my heart was her'n;
My feelings all were on the dash
Like cream within a churn;
I felt that I had gone to grass—
My mind I longed to tell,
But could not udder all the thoughts
I had for my cow belle.

The stool that held that gallon
How precious to possess!
She is the cheese of all the maids
That graze about this place.
How I would like to skim choice words
Her praises all to tell!
But they might happen to turn sour
My pretty, sweet cow belle.

I'm a gone smear case if she'd frown;
I don't see how she cud!
'Twould gall me like a cloud of flies,
And cow me down quite good.
I love butter, and if she's sweet
Then she will treat me well;
I'd be a coward not to say
I love my dear cow belle.

My bran-new hopes would fade if she Should bid me go a-whey;
The worst thing that has e'er oc-curd To me for many a day.
I'd drink three quarts of buttermilk—A fate that's sad to tell—Then go and kick the bucket for The sake of my cow belle.

Rich Elsington's Folly.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A STATELY room, with the high ceiling frescoed in delicate blue, sprinkled with silver stars, and a carpet stretching over the floor like a sea of azure velvet, and edged with a wide band of silver. Rare paintings that had cost Mrs. Elsington a fortune; dainty statuettes and bronzes, flowers breathing sweetest perfume on the dusky air; a canary pouring forth low, tender carols; and Mrs. Elsington reclining in an attitude of the most perfect grace and ease on one of the low blue yelvet couches that were drawn up before the shin ing sea-coal fire that was burning, a red-gold mass, behind the silver-barred grate

She was a magnificently-beautiful woman and proud and vain as such women cannot help being. You knew her pride and vanity as much from her graceful position on the lounge—where one exquisite hand and arm supported her head, whose long tresses of light-gold hair was streaming over the soft cushion and down her white cashmere dressing robe, a soft, foamy thing edged with swan's down and fastened from the dainty throat to the floor with buttons of carved lap is lazuli—the very shade of her eyes; by one small arched foot, peeping from the edge of her wrapper, incased in a kid slipper with a blue bow on the arched instep—as well as by the general appointments of the room, that harmonized so perfectly with her complexion. and made her look twenty years younger than she really was, that made you wonder if it could be possible that she was the mother of the tall, blonde young fellow that came lazily in between the blue silken curtains that divided Mrs. Elsington's boudoir from the hall.

You saw the resemblance between them at a glance—the same languid, yet haughty beauty that lurked in every wave of the sungold hair, every expression of the dark proud eyes; and you wondered, almost, how it could to you? Papa, tell me, what do you think of enough to have this great, tall fellow call her derness in his voice that pe him ceased to speculate why Mrs. Elsington

And it was worship-nothing short of itthe feeling she entertained for her manly, independent son, who had been her darling when a baby, her pride when a boy, her comfort and hope when his father had died years ago, and her joy and dependence these last years, especially and particularly since his return, not fortnight since, from a three years' tour to all sorts of ridiculous places-Norway, China and the South Sea Islands.

In all his life of twenty-seven years Rich Elsington had never done but one thing that grieved his mother; and even that, now, seemed a thing of the far distant past, so long as Rich's three years' absence laid between him and what his mother considered his folly; what Rich had come to think a very sharp stroke of Destiny; what really was—the engagement that had existed between him and Cora Baldwin when he went away—the love affair that had been a thorn in the flesh of Mrs. Elsington until Rich had gone over the seas, and-

her mental resume of the affair, she generally flung her remembrances to the winds, because it was just there that the twinges of conscience began; and, as Fate would have it, it was at this identical point that her musings had reached this very morning as she reclined on the couch, to have her meditations dispelled by her son, and in a way of all ways distasteful to her.

He came in, his fair, frank face lighted with the proud smile with which he always welcomed his lady-mother. "I am glad you are not busy, mother mine.

I feared you would be so absorbed in the mysteries of a carriage-toilet, or the creation of a new style of coiffure that my time had not yet come to ask you a very important question."

Mrs. Elsington wondered at the growing se-

riousness of his handsome face. Sit down, Rich. You have asked several thousand questions in the two weeks you have been home, and I have answered them all—haven't I? I think one more will not be an

Rich did not take the divan which Mrs. Elsington motioned him was at his convenient Instead, he walked to the low marble mantel, and leaned his arm carelessly his earnest face slightly inclined toward his mother, and his frank, eager eyes looking into hers.

"It's about Cora, mother. What has become of her?"

For one little instant Mrs. Elsington's heart throbbed violently; then she moved one arm languidly to pick her handkerchief from the Rich forestalled her, then went back

"Thank you. Oh, Cora? Why, you knew

a broken heart at her husband's unmerited disgrace, his friends said—of shame at being found out, others said. And Cora—let me see-yes, I am quite sure she married some time ago—a year or so since, if I am not mistaken. Beauty! Beauty!"

She chirped to the bird, in a heartless, gracefully-indifferent way that cut Rich to the heart's core.

"Married? married? Mother, you make the announcement as if you forgot how I loved her. My little Cora married? Well—"

He compressed his lips under the heavy golden mustache. For all Cora Baldwin had ceased writing to him very shortly after he had gone away; for all he had come gradually to know there was something wrong somewhere, and the probablity was an old one, that, of course, Cora had ceased to care for him; yet, on the heels of all this, his mother's announcement went home with a thrill of pain and re-

After a silence that seemed to Mrs. Elsington hours, so keenly were her memories work with their merciless reminder, Rich

"Cora Baldwin was the only girl I even loved—and she, like all the rest, has played me false on the first occasion. Mother, when you gave her the letters I inclosed, what did she say? She never answered them after a few months."

Mrs. Elsington's cheeks flushed slightlylike a faint tinge of sunset pink glowing on an

"Rich, you must not ask me anything about it. It is enough that she is married, and nothing to you hereafter. Dear, will you be my escort to the Kellogg matinee this afternoon? I will ring for luncheon at once if you will go. And so Cora Baldwin's name was hushed between the two.

A voice as low and silvery as the tune of a throstle, with tender contralto cadences lingering round the word she whispered as she bent over a lounge where a feeble-limbed, whitehaired old man was lying.

"Yes, Cora, I am not asleep. You wanted me for anything?" It was a fine, grand face, for all the seams

and lines drawn on it by care and trouble and physical pain.

"Only to tell you I have succeeded at last, papa. Just think of it—fifteen dollars a week, and from nine till five. Papa! tell me you are o pleased and proud of me! Mr. Baldwin's lips quivered.

Proud of her! proud of this brave, cheery girl, with her sweet, pure face and her brown eyes shining like stars—with her light-hearted gayety that had bridged over the dreadful days since fate and misfortune had overtaken him, and hustled him from place to place until he was poor, helpless, hopeless on his daughter's hands.

Proud of her? His hands went out in a sudden embrace that drew her bright head to his

"My darling, my noble, brave darling! To think how you have worked and slaved—'She interrupted him in playful protest.

"Slaved! Now, papa, that is all the thanks I get for keeping myself pretty for you. Honor bright, now, do I look as if I had been worked to death?"

Her bright face was all aglow, and her brown eyes seemed overflowing with joyousness; and Mr. Baldwin's face lightened a mo-

ment under her magnetism. "My princess! to think you should cling to me, when all the world believes me guilty

A stern, decisive look chased the dimples

from her cheeks." "Papa! we agreed never to discuss that. You know all the world couldn't make me believe it of you, and even if it had been true, didn't you let all you had in the world go to make good the deficiency some rascal credited be possible for this elegant woman to be old my position, at Thilman's French establishment, at fifteen dollars a week? Only think, mother," as he did, with such caressing ten-erness in his voice that people who knew sant rooms, and wine for you, and no more dunning by the butcher or the grocer." Mr. Baldwin groaned.

"Thilman's! Cora-you a Secor-Baldwinan employee in a pattern store! a common fitter of the very women who have scorned you

Cora laughed blithely

"What an ungrateful old fellow he is getting to be! Why, papa, I shall have a lovely time. I won't be in the store at all, made moiselle said, but will go to the houses of the customers and let them select their patterns and fit them, and take their orders. Who knows but what some splendid young duke in disguise will see me and fall in love with me? Wouldn't it make a sensation, papa?"

She was putting on her plain little hat and vail before the small looking-glass; and then turned to him, a perfect picture—with her shiny eyes as brown as a chestnut burr, her clear, olive complexion on which delicate scarlet flushes glowed, her long, massive tresses of hair waving low on her forehead in loose, dark ripples.

"Now, be good while I'm gone. I promised When Mrs. Elsington reached that point in M'm'selle Thilman I'd begin at once. She's very busy, and the sooner I go the sooner the

salary begins. I'll be in at six, papa."
She kissed his forehead and patted his white hair with a thoughtful, motherly air that made it seem that the two had changed their rela tive position toward each other; and then she went out-and outside the door the smiles vanished from her face, and the glow from her eyes, for there was no need to assume the semblance of happiness and care-freeness that was so essential before her father.

Yet, despite the thoughtful shadows on her face, Cora's step was firm and decisive as she went into Broadway, and along the crowded streets to Thilman's fashionable establishment where a line of carriages stood at the curb-stones, and stylish ladies dressed in radiant paper revolved in the plate-glass show-win

The forewoman gave Cora her orders at There were three ladies to be visited that afternoon, and measures and orders to be taken; and Cora had three addresses written, at all of which she was required to report

within two hours. The first took very little time; it being a shoddy little woman who had very recently come into a fortune most unexpectedly, and who wanted the latest and best of everything, while she was utterly incapable of consulting good taste. So Cora conscientiously advised her, took her extensive orders, and went to the cond address on her card.

This time it was a self-important, imperious woman, as homely as it has ever been the lot of woman to be; who never by any possibility succeeded in looking well in her clotheseven when Worth had the "creating" of them—and who, it seemed to Cora, laid all Baldwin had been detected in a gigantic fraud, didn't you? Mrs. Baldwin died just after—of An hour of patient attention and explanation "Mary," he said, fondly stroking

on Cora's part, and snarling, fault-finding and | black hair, "I hain't a doggoned cent in the extravagant decisions on the other, terminated an interview that left two red spots on Cora's cheeks, that had only faded to her usual blush-rose beauty when she ascended the steps of an imposing brown-stone mansion on Vidauer Place, and was ushered in by the pompous footman in livery, who showed her madame's boudoir, adding that the "young person was expected."

Cora went up the velvet-carpeted stairs, and through the hall where the afternoon sunshine streamed in a hundred dainty tints through a stained glass window that lighted the entire front end; and into a splendid little boudoir, whose dainty elegance of silver and blue exeeded anything she had ever even imagined

In the soft perfumed twilight she discerned a queenly woman sitting beside the fire, readng languidly; at a window, a gentleman ooking out.

stowed a glance on her that her pet white poodle might have resented as the essence of in-

Then, the lady turned in her chair, and be-

"The young person from Mme. Thilman's? Just ring the bell, yonder, for my maid to attend to the patterns.'

Cora's heart bounded like a trip-hammer. It was Mrs. Elsington—Rich Elsington's All the exquisite color faded from her sweet

face in the agitation of the moment, but her brave, proud eyes more than compensated in the fire that leaped to them. But her voice was perfectly even as she answered:

"Thank you, Mrs. Elsington. I will ring the bell."

She had thrown back her brown tissue vail; there was a feeling in her heart that she would meet her new destiny face to face, with not even a sheet of gauze between. So, she walked to the bell-rope, with her eyes glaring like lamps, her lips firmly compressed, her little bare brown hand extended toward the blue silken tassel—just as the curtains of the window stirred, and Rich Elsington stepped out, hurriedly, eagerly, with a bewilderment on his face that changed to perfect bliss as he rushed up to her.

"Cora! Cora! My own little girl, little Cora Baldwin!"

Then, when the sharp, sudden pallor of surprise, and bitter memories of his neglect of her, surged over her face as she paused just where his startling words arrested her—when he saw that, Rich suddenly remembered what his mother had said—Cora was married—Cora was nothing to him again.

Mrs. Elsington sprung from her low, luxuious chair.

"What do you mean by such wild nonnse. Rich?" She felt the blood receding from her cheeks

as Cora's clear voice answered:
"He means nothing, madam. I am awkvard not to explain I am no longer a friend of Mr. Rich Elsington—simply Miss Baldwin, of Mademoiselle Thilman's French establish

There was a ring almost of defiance in her ones, and she turned coldly to her package of

Rich dashed them right and left, his eager, andsome face all alight.

"Don't touch the patterns, mother. Cora, want to know what it means. Mother, you told me she was married. Cora, Cora, darling,

Mrs. Elsington leaned her haughty head nong the cushions, and smiled sarcastically. Cora drew her proud young figure up. "If you please, Mr. Elsington-not yours.

Do you suppose I would even as much as ac knowledge one who has acted as you have done? Did you not cease your letters as soon as—as poor papa's trouble come—the very time I needed a friend? Did I not write you five letters begging to know wherein I had offended you, and reiterating words whose memory makes my face burn? Mr. Elsington, we will drop this subject."

Rich's face was pale as death and his blue eyes had in them a stern gleam that effectually routed the idea of letting the subject drop. He stepped nearer the girl, his head bent in a

peculiar earnest way he had. "Cora, there has been a fearful mistake For a year I wrote to you, under cover of my mother, and never heard a line from younever knew of your family troubles until my return—a fortnight ago. Cora, in my letters I reiterated confessions of love that I am not shamed to repeat; Cora, can it be as it was before I went away? Cora! Cora! must I lose my darling after all?"

His face was full of pleading passion, and his low, earnest voice thrilled her heart as no voice ever had done or could do. A second. then she lifted her glorious eyes.

"Rich !- it never has been any one but you—it never will be!"

Right before his mother's coolly smiling eves Rich took the girl in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then, he turned to Mrs. Elsington, who sat like a queen, waiting for the sentence that she knew would dethrone -smiling to the last.

"Mother—there has been a blunder some where. I shall never ask where; it is enough that my happiness has come to me, and none but God himself can take it from me. We an afford to forget it—can't we, my darl-

And Cora thought they could.

There never could have been better friends than Mrs. Elsington and her daughter-in-law; because, Mrs. Elsington, Sr., confessed it all, and gave to Cora all the letters that had never gone further than the secret drawer of her escritoire; and she has come to the conclusion, that, after all, Rich's folly was the wisest sort of wisdom-hard though she tried to prevent it, for foolish reasons of her own.

Romance on the Rail.

Cap Lollard's Revenge.

BY GUY GLYNDON.

THERE was one episode in Cap Lollard's checkered life which he could never be brought relate; and, with the reader's permission, e will tell it for him.

Cap had been visited with a run of "hard luck." First little Jack Cap's consideration First little Jack, Cap's especial pride, was taken down with the measles. Watching over the little sufferer, his mother took the infection. From her bed of illness Mary arose too early, to attend to her neglected household duties. A relapse was the result, and pneumonia setting in brought her near to death's

Cap paid nurses' and doctors' bills cheerfully enough, and was so glad to see his wife about again that he carried her in his arms to

"Mary," he said, fondly stroking her silken

world, only our home an' the month's pay that's comin' to me; but I'm chipper as a titmouse with only lookin' at your purty face, my girl! You're as fresh as a daisy; an' when you git your roses back I wouldn't trade you fur the finest princess of them all, blow me if

She smiled her appreciation of his tender-

ness, and he was happy.

But when, within a week, he got down from his engine to find his pleasant home in ashes, and his wife and little Jack indebted to the hospitality of a neighbor for shelter, he sat down with his elbows on his knees, his hands clutched in his beard and a discouraged frown darkening his brow, and said it was "a dog-goned shame," and "luck was dead ag'in'

Then Mary put her arms about his neck and comforted him and cheered him, like the brave little wife she was, until his courage revived. But it took all the money that was due him, and a mortgage on the property besides, to rebuild their home; and for the first time in his life Cap chafed under the yoke of the debtor.

Misfortunes never come single-handed, and now Cap's evil genius seemed determined to

crowd him to the wall. It was the busy season in the fall when grain was moving to market. The road was short of competent engineers, and Cap was run day and night, until he sat on the box scarcely able to keep awake. Whenever they came to a clear stretch of track he was sure to fall

asleep, to be roused by his fireman when the way demanded his attention.

To sustain his flagging energies Cap had recourse to the too common resort—alcohol. Not that he was a tippler. Cap sometimes got a "little boozy;" but he was no drunkard

However, before he was aware, he had taken too much, his relaxed system being unusually susceptible to the influence of the poison. Then, in a moment of recklessness, he tried to "steal a station"—a process not unlike "stealing a base" in "the National game."

The result was a collision, in which several cars were wrecked, the track torn up, and the business of the crowded road delayed for seve-

For two weeks no measures were taken in the matter "at head-quarters;" but evil tongues had been at work, making the case the worst possible for Cap, and when the stress of business was over he was ordered "in," and

got his "walkin' papers." That night he went home to his wife "with the blue devils big."

"What do you think of luck now?" said no, with a sardonic smile. For answer she sat down on his knee, and,

with her arms about his neck, said: "It is a shame, dearie, after you've worked yourself to death for them. But you'll get work again, and, meanwhile, I'll take in plain sewing, and we'll keep along some-

"There's the mortgage fallin' due next month; an' the deuce knows where the m comin' from to meet it—I don't," replied Cap. "We're bound to git kicked out dejectedly. 'house an' home before luck lets up—that's plain.

"Oh, no, Cap. Not so bad as that," said his wife, consolingly. "You can get time on the

note, can't you? "Old Quigby's a doggoned old screw, an ne'd just like the chance to foreclose an' gobble up everything. Wal, everybody's free to kick a man when he's under. Curse the beg garly whelps! The more you do fur 'em the worse they use you. But I'll be even with 'em yet, doggone their hides! They don't chuck me into the mud for nothin'!"

"Hush, Cap! don't get bitter," said Mary. Everybody has their ups and downs. It'll be all right, by-and-by."

But matters did not improve. After the oress business was correspondingly slack; and pyre his own hand had ignited.

his discharge stood in his way.
"Cap," said Mary, one day, "hadn't I better go out home for a few weeks? It'll benefit both Jack and me; and we're only a tax on you here.

She was ailing again, and had been unable to take in the sewing as she had proposed.

With his forebodings hidden as best he

ould, Cap let her go. "She won't have the worry of it until it's ver," he said to himself, "and that'll be time

ough, the Lord knows. Curse the whole ot of 'em that I should bring her to this!" After she was gone, while he waited for the day when the mortgage should fall due, a feeling of gloomy desperation grew upon him. The day came, and with it Quigby demanding his money. Nothing short of immediate payment would satisfy him. He had become involved himself, he said, times were so hard: and he must have the money in order to save

ten times as much. But even as he spoke, his eye roved over the little homestead in avaricious speculation; and he rubbed his hands and compressed his lips as he thought that he could bid it in himself for a very slight advance on the face of the

"You cursed old Shylock!" muttered Can between his teeth, when his creditor departed, having expressed his regrets at the ne of putting the case in the hands of the sheriff. Then he sat with his head hanging on his breast, wrapped in moody thought.

In the same mood he saw his home and Mary's go under the hammer. His surplus was ess than a hundred dollars; and he set his teeth hard and slouched his hat over his darkened brows, thinking that now Mary and little Jack were homeless.

What occurred during the next few hours he did not know; but at last he found himself walking rapidly along the railroad track, through a tempestuous night, with an iron wedge in his hand, himself terrified by the dark thoughts that flitted like ghouls through his mind. What his purpose was he hardly knew; and yet he seemed hurried forward by a resistless fate to put some dark project into execution before his courage failed Faster and faster he strode until he was al-

most at a run. The wind buffeted him, moaning dismally through the trees as he passed. The shadows of the clouds seemed a horde of ghouls keeping pace with him, just far enough in advance to peer into his face; and he felt their chill breath in the mists that brushed his

On, on, until the broken surface of the ground was in keeping with the storm and his perturbed soul. Then he stopped and listened. The chill November wind made him shiver.

and he drew his coat closer over his breast. bore to his ear a deep, rumbling sound, and, presently, the short, sharp intonation of a locomotive whistle. He knew that a train was approaching, and

that the signal he heard was the warning given on nearing a country road. He was standing on a curve. On the inside was the bald, rocky face of a cliff; on the out-

ces here and there, and beyond a declivity to

the darkly-rolling river.

A gleam of lightning showed his face ghastly white, his lips quivering, his teeth chattering, his knees trembling. Holding the iron wedge in his hand, he half-stooped as if to lay it on the track, and thus waited, looking in the direction of the approaching train.

The rumbling sound grew louder.

Again he heard the whistle The surface of a wave reflected a flash from he headlight.

With terror-protruded eyes he stooped and laid the wedge on the outside rail of the curve, its point toward the approaching train. Then, pursued by the wind-flends that screamed through the tree-tops, he ran at the top of his speed, and hid himself among the rocks.

Cowering there, with his face to the ground and his hands clutching the jagged rocks, his craven soul waited for the ruin his guilty hands had prepared.

On came the train, rushing headlong to destruction and death. Its sinuous length swept round the curve, pulsing with life and happiness. The head-light cast its beams along the track, but no eye could distinguish the wedge from the rail on which it lay.

The first warning was a wild shriek of the

whistle as the engineer felt the locomotive leave the rail. Then, before the brakesmen could leap to their feet, there was a terrific crash, followed by the splintering of timber, the hiss and roar of escaping steam, then groans and shrieks of anguish, and, after an interval, cries of horror and shouted commands and appeals from the lips of excited men.

Cowering amid the rocks, Cap Lollard heard all this; and then through the shadows of the night gleamed the lurid light of a conflagration. The wrecked train was in flames!

An irresistible fascination drew him from his hiding-place, and with knees smiting together he approached the ruin his own hand had wrought. His roving eye took in every horrible detail of that awful holocaust, and seared

it into his shrinking soul. Suddenly he uttered a cry, so fierce, so agonized, it was like the snarl of a wounded animal, and leaped to a portion of the wreck where an arm protruded from the debris. It was a woman's arm, and on the third finger of the hand gleamed a wedding-ring. How often he had kissed it since he placed it there five

years ago! And now— Great God!
"Cap! Cap!"
Her voice had caught his ear, and with a sensation as if his brain were afire, he realized that she had returned homeward unexpectedly, just in time for him to be her murderer,

perhaps. And little Jack! What of him? Was he, too, in that wreck? The fierce anguish of the stricken man constrained others to his assistance, as strong natures always attract followers in moments of great excitement. Somehow he found an ax in his hand; and then began the battle with the fire-fiend. His ax fell fast and fierce; but the cruel tongues of flame lapped at the dry woodwork, running along the painted surface. The wind shifted hither and thither, spreading the

fire in every direction, and almost smothering the workers with dense smoke. Like a demon Cap Lollard hacked his way o his imprisoned wife. He could see her. One arm she extended to him while the other hugged her dead child-his little Jack, that he

was so proud of!—to her breast. "Save us, Cap!—save us!" she cried, struggling to free herself. But the cruel timber pinned her down.

Then the flames that had crept upon her stealthily beneath the debris lapped her garments and thrust their cruel barbs into her tender flesh.

"Cap!-oh, Cap!" she cried, with a gasp, and fainted.

A puff of wind spread the flames over all, and blinded and fainting with the smoke and

heat, the wretched man cast himself upon the 'Mary!-my murdered wife!-we die toge

ther!" he cried, and-"Cap! Cap! What's the matter? Wake

"Eh, Mary? Great God! Are you safe? And leetle Jack—did they git him out, too?"
"Out! Out of what?"

"Mary! Jack!—daddy's leetle man!" So it was all a dream, after all, about his getting drunk, and the collision, and his being lischarged, and the loss of their home, and his throwing the train off the track, and all the horrors that followed-it was all a dream, born of his weariness at the overwork and his anxiety over Mary's and Jack's illness with the measles, which were facts. He had fallen asleep, after the big dinner, when he had come in so tired and hungry; and Mary, hearing him moan in his sleep, was shaking him into wakefulness; and Jack—"the leetle dog!" was as chipper as a bird! And, in his happiness, Cap resolved that if he ever had anything

Ripples.

to revenge, "he'd let the job out."

That was a good Detroit boy who told his father that if he would buy him a pony he weuld let him have the use of it when it was too rainy for good boys to be out. A correspondent entered an office and ac-

sused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied: "I'm not a pointer; I'm a setter." An Illinois minister announced on his Sunday night bulletin: "The funeral of Judas Is-To which an obliging fellow added,

Friends of the deceased are cordially in-Josh Billings has written a play. The principal part will be taken by the hind legs of a ule, and the dramatic movement will be has cened by the business end of a hornet, skillfully

A Jerseyman married five wives, and they ere all red-headed. He explains it by relatng that the first one clawed the spirit out of him so completely that he didn't care after that

he married a porcupine. A student who failed to pass in his Greek istory examination, repudiated with scorn the insinuation that he was not prepared. He had crammed himself, he said, so tight that he could

not get it out again. "Was the crowd tumultuous?" inquired one man of another who had just come from a mass meeting. "Too multuous?" replied the other. "Oh, no; just about multuous enough to com-

fortably fill the hall.' There are many trying things in life, but a man's self-respect is never so wounded as when he sees a silver ten-cent piece lying on a showcase; makes up his mind to steal it; gently reaches out his hand to take it in, and then discovers that it is glued on to the under side

side were jagged spurs of rock, with intersti- of the glass.